

April 3, 1963

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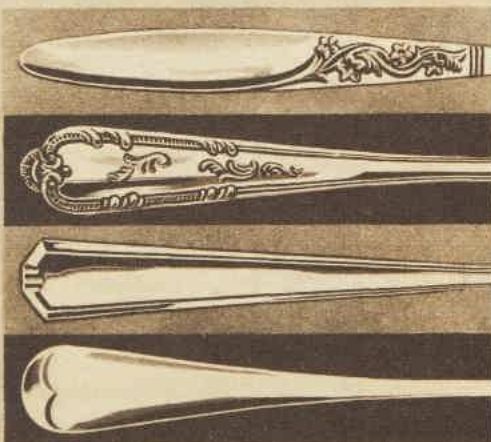
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Mrs. Nancy Dawson, who wrote the letter that led to Sheila Sibley's story about "Doon," an old Melbourne house (page 4), has sent some interesting details of the furniture that once decorated the home.

MRS. Douglas, who lived in the house as a small girl, kept a book listing the prices realised when her father, Mr. A. G. Whipple, auctioned the furniture on leaving "Doon" 60 years ago.

Mrs. Dawson, who wrote on Mrs. Douglas' behalf to find out what had happened to the house, sent us the prices:

- Massive oak extension dining-table, £5.
- Ten oak dining chairs, £19.
- Royal Doulton dinner service (140 pieces), £12.
- Black enamel Italian bedstead, £7/10/-.
- Large pine kitchen table, 6/6.
- Four wood chairs, 1/9 each.

There was also an eight-piece walnut bedroom suite,

which must have been beautiful indeed to have brought £80 at auction at the beginning of the century.

IN our March 6 issue we reported that Mrs. N. Barton, of Concord West, N.S.W., had sent us a knitting pattern we had published almost 20 years ago.

Now Mrs. Isobel Pettrick, of Daley's Point, via Gosford, N.S.W., has sent an age-faded copy of a cookbook in which we published prize-winning recipes in a £500 contest.

She wrote: "I have no desire to compete with Mrs. Barton, but to join forces with her in voicing my appreciation of your wonderful paper."

"The cookbook was the first thing with which I started my trousseau as a very young girl."

"Since then I have saved your recipes, crochet, knitting and toy patterns, gardening hints, floral decorations, and so many of your

Our Cover

● The short white evening dress (with a lace overskirt) and the red winter dress are both made from the "Night and Day" pattern in the 12-page lift-out section in the centre of the paper.

The full-size pattern, which has complete sewing instructions, was designed by Dawn James, of our staff.

Staff photographer Don Cameron took the cover picture of the dresses, which are modelled by Yvonne Hays, of Granville, N.S.W.

interesting features that I had five boxes crammed full and all catalogued.

"Many a time my friends, unable to find a special recipe or pattern, came to me and we would sit all day going through your information."

But last year, Mrs. Pettrick said, the basement where the boxes were stored was flooded, and later she had to burn the contents.

She added: "My collection now amounts to a cupboard in my kitchen—all I could rescue."

ARTIST Katie Van Alste, who is on a crocodile-shooting expedition in north-west Australia with her husband and two-year-old son (see page 13), is only out to capture a mood.

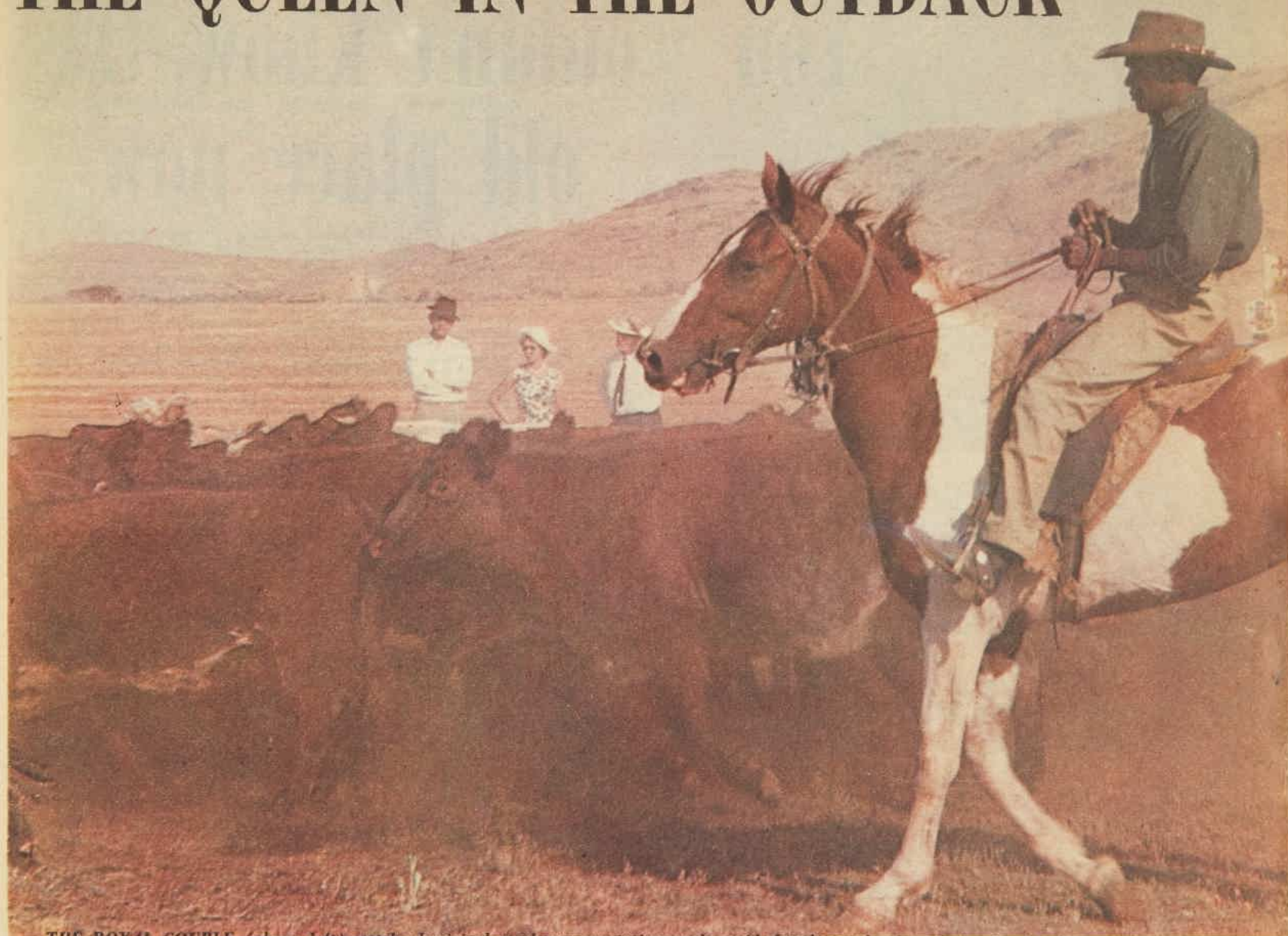
She says she wants to capture "the spirit of the north" in paint and clay. "Not enough is known about it," she says.

After the trip she will arrange an exhibition of paintings, as well as sculpture, made during the hunt.



● Croc.-hunters Henry and Katie Van Alste.

THE QUEEN IN THE OUTBACK



THE ROYAL COUPLE (above left) watch aboriginal stockmen mustering cattle amid thundering hoofs and clouds of red dust at Hamilton Downs Station, out of Alice Springs. It was an unusual sight for them. Even more unusual for onlookers was the convoy of cars, one fluttering the Royal Standard, in the harsh plain, and the Queen, gloveless, wearing a patterned dress and white hat, hand on hip, sometimes leaning against a car, sometimes filming her own movie shots.

Pictures by staff
photographer Ron
Berg.

£1000 Royal Hat Contest

● Next week we will publish the entry coupon for our £1000 Royal Hat Contest.

WITH the contest now in its sixth week, don't forget to keep the color pictures of the Queen's hats.

The pictures (and the others from our previous five issues that show the Queen wearing a hat), plus your taste, can win you £1000.

All you have to do is choose the ten most becoming hats from our picture gallery of Royal millinery.

Place your "top ten" in order of preference (from one to ten) on the entry coupon.

The coupon in next week's paper will be accompanied by sepia "reminder" pictures of the Royal hats you will be judging. It will also include space for you to tell

us, in not more than 30 words, why you chose Hat No. 1.

Then send us your completed coupon, enclosing YOUR COLOR PICTURES OF THE HATS with the entry.

You may send as many entries as you like, but each must have a separate coupon with its own color-picture set of the chosen hats.

The reader whose selection of Royal millinery is closest to the order of the ten hats listed by our panel of judges will win £1000.

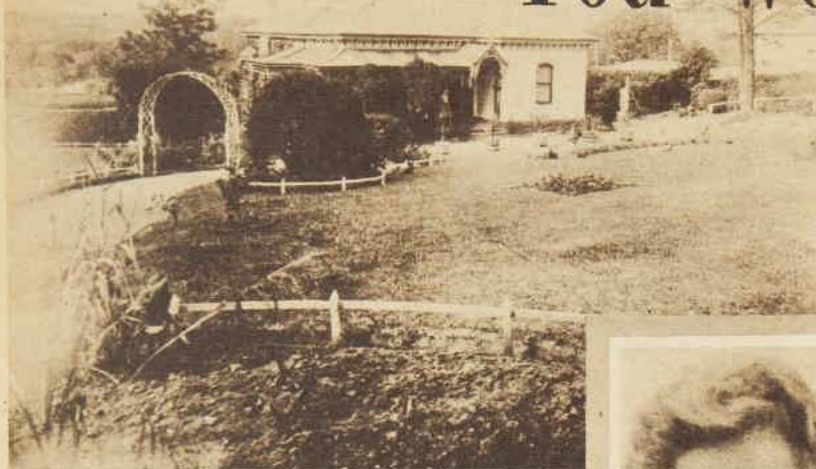
If there is a tie the prize will be awarded to the entry which, in the judges' opinion, gives the best reason for the selection of Hat No. 1.



AT Kununurra, W.A., to see the Ord River Development Scheme, the Queen wore a spotted green dress.



You wouldn't know the old place now



"DOON" in Hawthorn in the 1920s — very much the way it was when Mrs. Douglas, of Canada, lived there as a child 60 years ago. Distant light patch at left was the River Yarra.

RIGHT—Mrs. Douglas

Dear Mrs. Douglas



"DOON" has changed greatly since you knew it.

Now there is a two-storey block of flats separating it from Riversdale Road. Instead of the back of the house looking across its own meadows to the river, it looks across a sun-deck and down a concrete drive — now the front entrance — to a newer road, Riversdale Court.



SWIMMING-POOL now stretches beyond the original front verandah (now the back of the house) toward a block of flats which has been built between "Doon" and its original Riversdale Road frontage.



TILED VERANDAH is still there, edged with the same heavy chain.

Between this road and the river there is only one block of land without a house on it.

This block is reputed to be worth about £15,000. Its owner, who clings to it for sentimental reasons, is the daughter of the Mr. Carl Werner, who bought "Doon" in 1903 from Mr. W. H. Broomfield (from whom your father rented the house for three years).

Mr. Werner paid £2300 for the house and two acres of land.

In those days the rates were £7/17/6 a year. This was considered rather high, but, after all, Riversdale Road was in the most exclusive part of Hawthorn.

The house was fine, the gardens were spacious; it was right on the river and only four miles from town. Transport was excellent; as one publication of the day put it:

"Our horse-tram whisks us around the corner and down toward Burwood Road, and will take us thence to the Richmond Bridge, there connecting with a cable tramway running directly to the metropolis."

Close to the metropolis though it was, it was still rural and tranquil in Riversdale Road.

Perhaps in those days, Mrs. Douglas, a little girl could cross the street in safety, without holding a grown-up's hand?

Now, in the morning and evening, a steady stream of fast traffic leaves local people fuming and unable to get their cars out of their drives.

And though the "Doon" land is half the size it was, the rates are eight times as high as that "expensive" £7/17/6.

Do you remember the pear trees in your back garden? They're still there.

The present owner's wife, Mrs. Gordon King, says: "Different gardeners have wanted to pull them out because they make a lot of work, but I've fought to keep them. They're so beautiful when they're in bloom."

Did you swing on the chains?

The lovely white camellia bush to the left of "Doon" as you knew it (did you ever swing on the heavy chains edging the old tiled verandah?) is still there, but there's a swimming-pool 35 feet long beyond it.

Living in those gracious, spacious rooms has oddly influenced its present owners.

DEAR SIRs,

I am an Australian living in Canada and have a subscription to the *Women's Weekly*. Recently I met a lady, Mrs. Douglas, who was born in Australia of American parents and left there 60 years ago at the age of three and has never been back.

She was wondering if it would be possible to get a photo of the house where she used to live, as she understands it is still standing.

The name of the house was "Doon," and it is in Riversdale Road, near Power Street, Hawthorn, Vic.

Unfortunately, she didn't know the number, as it didn't have one in those days. However, she said the garden went down to the River Yarra at the back, so you would know which side of the street it was on.

Her father, Mr. A. G. Whipple, was working for an American engineering firm making mining equipment for the goldfields.

I realise this is a tall order, as I can't supply the number of the house, but I know Mrs. Douglas would be most grateful to see a photo of the house as it is today.

Thanking you, yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) NANCY DAWSON.



AS IT LOOKS TODAY, facing on to Riversdale Court, which is a new road made between "Doon" and the river through part of the original estate. The front of the old house is now the back, and a number of rooms have been added.

Mrs. King, who has been there nine years, says: "I feel cramped in a room with a ceiling less than 14 feet high nowadays. And the verandah — it's funny how quickly we got used to that verandah. We spend much more time on it than we ever do on the sun-deck."

"Doon" is listed in the records for the year 1900 at the Hawthorn Town Hall as a 10-room brick house, owned by W. H. Broomfield, tenanted by Arthur G. Whipple — your father.

It is no longer a 10-room brick house, having been added to considerably, sometimes with loving attention to the original detail, sometimes not.

Currently, as Mrs. King says, it has a lounge, dining-room, den, TV room, three bedrooms, kitchen (upstairs, not downstairs in the servants' quarters as it was in your day), powder-room, bathroom, shower-room, and three or four rooms downstairs.

The flagpole behind the white camellia tree was added by Mr. Werner around the time of World War I, when anti-German feeling was running so high that the windows of his optician's shop were broken with monotonous regularity.

Mr. Werner took this particularly hard, his son Fred recalls, because he was not of German but Danish extraction.

To show his patriotism he would fly all the Allied flags on his flagpole, and it was the first to blossom out in a Union

Jack on the King's birthday. His windows got broken just the same.

Mr. Werner is said to have introduced to this country brightly painted garden statuary representing rabbits, storks, and gnomes. He was particularly fond of a fishing gnome, and gave it a new coat of paint each year.

For the children it was paradise

The Werners must have occupied "Doon" immediately after you left it. Fred Werner must have been a boy of ten when he came to the house, and his memories of it are closer to the "Doon" of your childhood than the "Doon" of today.

For the four Werner children — he had two brothers and a sister — it was paradise.

"It was a semi-country home then," Mr. Werner recalls. "We had to tend the animals and milk the cows we kept. Looking across the river to Toorak Road, you wouldn't see more than two houses."

"We swam and canoed all summer. The Yarra was a more natural river then, undredged and bound with willows."

"There were Chinese market gardens on the river flats at the back of the property when we were there. It takes a lot to discourage a Chinese, but the Yarra did it — after three floods in quick succession they gave up and went elsewhere."

Mr. Werner's memories of Riversdale

To page 10

Australian in Paris

● Queensland girl Elizabeth Cox walked into Miguel Ferreras' salon in the Faubourg St. Honore, Paris, a couple of months ago to see if she could afford to buy an end-of-season model dress.

THE Argentine couturier, who is married to British heiress Oona Guinness, took one look at her and left the clients to whom he was chatting. "Would you consider modelling for me?" he asked her.

Elizabeth, who had been modelling hats for Jacques Griffe, and had worked as a stand-in in the Lanvin House across the street, was delighted.

Now, at 23, her star is rising rapidly. She is well on the way to becoming a top Paris cover-girl.

Good prospects

In fact, the prospects for her are so good in Paris that she is planning to return to Australia just for a brief visit at Christmas to see her family, and then return.

"Elizabeth is an ideal model," Ferreras said.

"She has a quiet natural distinction. She is unaffected and carries off her clothes with complete lack of self-consciousness.

"Elizabeth has class, because she looks as if she has been wearing couture clothes all her life."

Elizabeth, whose home is "Mirri Mirri" sheep station near Tara, Qld., is one of four sisters.

Patricia, who is 21, is at present in a flurry of plans for her April 19 wedding to Jeff Britten at St. James' Church, Toowoomba, but Jennifer, 19, plans to join Elizabeth in October.

Jennifer, who has already done some modelling in Queensland and will probably try to rival her sister in Paris, plans first to sail or fly to London as soon as possible.

Hilary, 17, the youngest of the four Cox sisters, has just left New England Girls' School, Armidale, N.S.W., where all the girls were educated, and is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Cox.

But Elizabeth says she expects that she, too, will turn up in Paris one day.

Before Jennifer arrives, Elizabeth hopes to solve her accommodation problem.

She shared a flat with another Australian girl, Drucilla Gillett, from Tasmania, who works for the Australian Air Attache, but it proved too expensive and there was no phone—a serious disadvantage for an up-and-coming cover-girl. So now

the two girls are living in a hotel.

"It has its advantages," says Elizabeth philosophically. "At least one gets service."

Meanwhile, in Queensland, Elizabeth's mother says she is amazed at the success of her daughter, who went overseas a year ago.

Mother's doubt

Like most mothers she thought Elizabeth's dreams and hopes were mainly wishful thinking.

"But it is surprising what the girls of today seem to be able to do," she said.

She hopes that Jennifer and Hilary have similar good luck, but speaks modestly of them all. "Hilary hasn't really any plans yet," she said.

"Elizabeth always had a way with clothes, though we remember her as being more interested in animals, riding, etc.," she said.

"She used to make her own clothes and had rather an ingenious imagination—quite a flair really, though not outstanding."

Mrs. Cox described Elizabeth as "just a nice average country girl, whose letters are quietly and modestly written."



TALL, elegant Elizabeth (at left) in an outfit by Ferreras. The Paris designer says the Queensland mannequin "looks as though she's been wearing couture clothes all her life."

ELIZABETH COX, the Queensland girl who is rapidly becoming one of the top cover-girls in Paris, models an ensemble during a Ferreras parade in Paris. Before becoming a house mannequin at Ferreras, Elizabeth modelled hats for Griffe and was a stand-in mannequin for Lanvin.

PETER STUYVESANT THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

The background of the advertisement is a collage of various Spanish-themed images. At the top, a large, detailed illustration of a castle with multiple towers and battlements sits atop a hill. Below the castle, on the left, is a poster for a bullfight titled 'NUEVA PLAZA DE TOROS DE SAN SEBASTIAN'. The poster features a drawing of a bull and a matador, with text including 'Sábado 20 de agosto 1960', 'GRANDIOSA CORRIDA', '6 MAGNIFICOS TOROS - 6', and the names 'ANTONIO ORDOÑEZ', 'CURRO ROMERO', and 'DIEGO PUERTA'. To the right of the poster is a tall, elegant glass filled with a dark red liquid, likely wine. Further right is a light-colored acoustic guitar. In the bottom left corner, a silver platter holds a pile of bright orange oranges. In the bottom right corner, a large, ornate red fan is partially open. In the center of the collage, partially overlapping the other elements, is a pack of Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes. The pack is white with a blue band at the top that says '20 CIGARETTES'. The brand name 'Peter Stuyvesant' is written in a cursive font, followed by 'FILTER 20' in a red box. Below this is a small crest with the years '1592' and '1672' on either side, and the text 'RICH CHOICE TOBACCOS KING SIZE' at the bottom.

IN SPAIN—ALL OVER THE WORLD

so much
more
to enjoy

Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette with the international flavor. For that deep down enjoyment of rich choice tobaccos—plus the miracle filter—light up a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did.

I was unpardonably rude to my future husband

**MARRIED
TO DANGER
—Part 2**

By **TONIA BERN** (Mrs. Donald Campbell)

● I am a night person. I endure each day largely because each day must die, and then the night begins, and to me the night is always beautiful.

I FEEL that I only come awake and alive at dusk. My father is one of the few who recognise this, and whenever I go back to Belgium to visit him, a good deal of my pleasure comes from the fact that I need not go to bed till dawn.

I feel a bit guilty about this, for my husband is entirely the opposite. He likes to start each day early, and after five years of marriage has even persuaded me to begin my day at eight o'clock in the morning.

This is only one of the changes that marriage to Donald has meant to me. Sometimes I find it hard to imagine or remember a time when he was not the most important man in my life.

Sometimes, too, I find it hard to recall that had it not been for my unpardonable rudeness to him at our introduction we might never have married at all.

Our lives, our upbringing, our characters, our likes and dislikes are so dissimilar that as two people we are completely complementary.

When we met five years ago we had both won acclaim and success in our careers. Donald even then held the world's water speed record and was a national figure.

For my part, I had topped the bill at the Nouvelle Eve, a nightclub in Paris, then one of the most exclusive in that city; I had appeared at the Open Gate in Rome; and I was singing at the Savoy Hotel in London.

ONE night I was giving a party at my flat in Chelsea and various celebrities and stars had been invited. One of these was Donald Campbell. I was naturally curious to meet this famous son of a famous father, but to my disappointment, and then to my increasing annoyance, he did not appear.

One of the guests, a journalist, remarked to me as the evening wore on: "I heard Donald Campbell was coming."

"So did I," I retorted. "But he's so late that I

don't suppose he'll bother now. And we don't really need him, do we?"

My guest was not so sure. "I'd like to see him very much," he said. "I want to ask him some questions about his new attempt on the land speed record."

This irritated me because I felt that I was the star that night.

The flat was small and crowded and we had left the door open. When I saw a man come out of the lift on the landing outside I immediately recognised Donald Campbell from his photographs.

I walked right up to him, and the first words I ever said to my future husband were: "You're late."

His face dropped like that

SINGER Tonia Bern, Belgian-born nightclub star, five years ago married Donald Campbell, holder of the world water speed record. In a few weeks he will try for the land speed record in his car Bluebird on the salt bed of Lake Eyre, South Australia.

of a little boy who has been told he cannot have an ice-cream.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said penitently. "But I had a conference and it went on and on."

"Please do forgive me."

I was unmollified by this very courteous reply, so I said: "We've still some champagne left. If you can bear to bother to drink it."

He ignored this really unpardonable rudeness, and soon he was in conversation with others in the room. I lost sight of him and then, happening to glance across the heads of the guests, I saw him again, and he was looking very unhappy, holding two small boats, which I have as ornaments, in his hands.

He looked so desperately miserable that I went over

and asked what was troubling him.

"I know that this is your party," he said, polite as ever. "But I just don't want to be photographed with toy boats and things. I've had this for the last three months over my record attempts. I came here to get away from all the publicity and simply to meet you."

I quite saw this point of view and entirely agreed with him; I told the photographer that there would be no photographs unless they were photographs of me.

DONALD and I then talked properly for the first time that evening.

"I don't suppose you're free tonight?" he said. "But if you are, perhaps you would come and have dinner with me? We must have lots of things in common."

Oh, these Englishmen with their smooth words and their charm and their grey suits and umbrellas, I thought. I'll take him up on this right away and see how genuine he is.

"By a strange circumstance I am free," I told him. "I'd love to have dinner with you."

It was worth saying this just to see the surprise on his face. He had assumed naturally that I would be too busy.

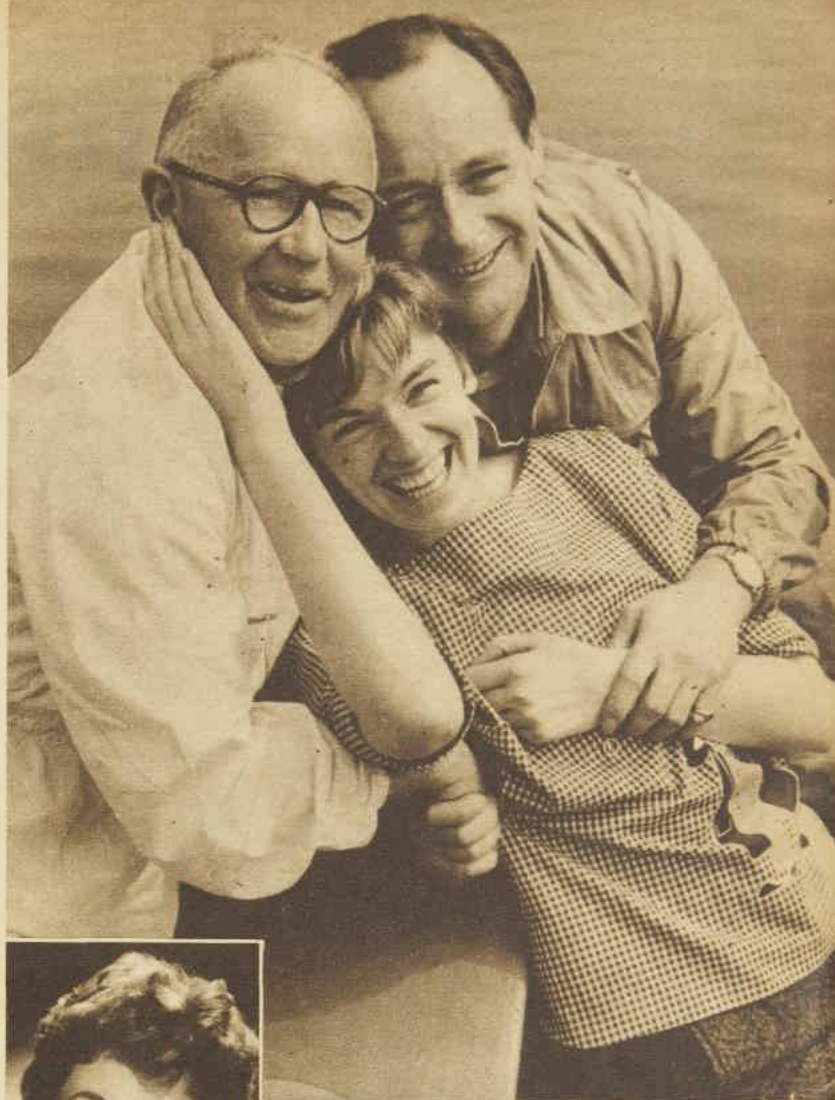
But his English coolness did not desert him. "Oh, jolly good," he said, or some such thing.

Looking back, I suppose I should remember every detail of that dinner we had together, but I don't. I only know that as soon as we were alone we discovered that we did have a lot to talk about, so many points of view to discuss and exchange that even a lifetime seemed far too short.

Within three weeks of our meeting we were married, on a Christmas Eve, at Caxton Hall Registry Office.

I thought that I was marrying a gay playboy. I found instead that my husband was a dedicated man, determined to win all the records he could, not for any personal gain but simply because he wanted them to belong to Britain.

From being in charge of



NEW RECORD. Donald Campbell, wife Tonia, chief mechanic Leo Villa (left) hug one another after Donald set a record 260 m.p.h. in motorboat Bluebird in 1959.

TONIA, as she appeared in the film "Vie de Nuit," starring Maurice Chevalier.



A FEW DAYS before their marriage in 1958, Donald and Tonia stroll down a Sussex lane.

To page 31



THOSE ARTISTIC JONESES

By PATRICIA KENT

● Keeping up with the Roseville (Sydney) Joneses is not at all easy. To do it you need to have a whole family loaded with creative talent, each member an artistic and financial success in his or her field.

NOMINAL head of the Jones family, and the most famous, is Paul ("unquestionably the finest flower painter working today," wrote one critic), who specialises in painting camellias.

Then there's Paul's mother, Mrs. Marie Jones, whose hand-made period dolls have been exhibited in Harrods, the well-known London store. And Roberta and Frances, Paul's sisters, whose ceramic tiles decorate some of Sydney's most luxurious homes.

The other Jones boy, Paul's brother, Bernard, designs and makes furniture. One of his miniature pieces was shown at Sydney's Exhibition of Rare and Beautiful Things last year.

"There's always been a creative atmosphere in our house," Mrs. Jones explained. "My mother and father, although they were not painters, were always interested in art, and even as a child I was encouraged to

draw and paint and, most important, to observe.

"My late husband, Bert Osborne Jones, was an amateur painter who exhibited occasionally, so this atmosphere carried over into the lives of our children."

Mrs. Jones, who started making her dolls just 10 years ago, began by painting landscapes and miniature portraits.

"These were mostly of children," she said, "and the parents took them, so I haven't any left to show you.

"I got the idea of making period dolls when I came across an early Victorian fashion book. I loved the clothes, so I decided to copy them."

Mrs. Jones' dolls are made with precise attention to detail. She hunts around the shops to find the right braid, or tiny ornamental buttons, or a piece of fine lace.

She makes every little thing herself from shoes to hats and the dolls have delicately painted faces which have that indefinable "old-fashioned" look.

The work of Roberta and

Frances on the other hand is strikingly 20th century.

Roberta's ceramic tiles have off-beat colors and often semi-abstract shapes, while Frances uses brilliant color and familiar subjects.

"Roberta is in London now," said Frances, who runs an art gallery in Woollahra. "She is getting the 'feel' of ceramics and pottery being done overseas."

As well as making ceramic tiles and ashtrays and experimenting with methods of glazing and baking, Frances spends several months each year decorating objects for the Christmas market.

"It's a very busy time," she said, "and I'm usually working round the clock to finish in time. I paint things like waste-paper baskets, brushes, tissue dispensers — usually with leaves or delicate flowers. It's comforting to know they sell like hot cakes."

Creative hands

And as well, Frances arranges exhibitions and sells the paintings of young Australian artists.

While the girls specialise in ceramics and decorating, brother Bernard can turn his capable hands to almost anything creative.

"As long as I am making something, anything, I am happy," he said.

And Bernard has been making something since he was three — "when the family discovered me with a hammer and saw."

He drew and sketched like all the Joneses, and for a while ran a local sketching school. He experimented in photography.

"Then I turned to designing and making children's toys," he said. "This was a lot of fun, and I made rocking horses, and trains, and boats."

From children's boats he turned to the real thing, and designed and built yachts and canoes. From these he turned to furniture.

"I'm particularly interested in antiques and in early Australiana," Bernard said. "And I give mother a



ABOVE: The ceramic tiles, boldly designed with brilliant colors and unusual textures, are by Frances Jones. Inset: Another of her tile designs.

AT RIGHT: Frances. She runs an art gallery at Woollahra.

FAR RIGHT: Her sister, Roberta, whose tiles, of more abstract design, decorate some of Sydney's luxury homes and a wall in the Chevron Hilton Hotel. Roberta has been studying in London.





BERNARD JONES, left, and some of the chairs he has made, both miniature and full-size. Above are two toy chairs, made with meticulous period accuracy for his mother's dolls—an 18th-century Welsh ladder-back and a Louis XIV fireside chair (upholstered with a piece of old velvet). Bernard is sitting in his lightweight "tropical" chair, designed for a hot climate.



ABOVE RIGHT: Three of Mrs. Marie Jones' Victorian dolls, wearing a promenade dress, an 1830 walking-out suit, and a visiting dress. **RIGHT:** Her son Paul's painting of the "Lady Gowrie" camellia. **BELOW:** Mother and Paul, with a volume of "The Camellia," a collector's piece he illustrated.



hand when she wants the odd bit of miniature furniture to go with her dolls."

Unlike Bernard, Paul specialises in one thing — painting flowers, more particularly the camellia.

"Specialisation is a good thing for me," he said. "When you paint one thing hundreds of times, you aim for a standard of perfection which always eludes you. It's this pursuit of absolute perfection which becomes fascinating."

Although Paul's camellias hang in major Australian art galleries and most big private collections, he intends to go on painting flowers.

"I want to paint our Australian wildflowers," he said. "Some of them are quite beautiful, and they've not been painted a great deal up to now."

The pleasant thing about the Jones family is that they are not wholly satisfied with what they've done.

As Paul put it: "You start feeling pleased with yourself, then someone rings up and wants you to paint some flowers to hang on the bedroom wall. That brings you down to earth."



"Baby Talk" results

● First prize in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 5, the last in the recent series, went to Mrs. S. Blaschke, 53 West Avenue, Northfield, S.A.

MRS. BLASCHKE'S caption, which won £20, was:

"I really did enjoy your slides!"
Here are the other winning entries:
£10 prize to Mrs. D. M. Bailey, 16 Joffre Street, Wynnum Nth., Qld.:
"Ah! My boy, you should have seen me as Falstaff!"

Prizes of £5 each:
Mrs. E. G. Banham, 20 Coorie Crescent, Rosanna N22, Vic.:
"Objection overruled!"
Miss Rosemary Dyer, 15 Salier Crescent, Mt. Stuart, Hobart:
"You're fired!"

Prizes of £2 each:
Miss M. W. Campion, Box 102, Orroroo, S.A.:
"Did you say a major lottery win?"

Miss T. E. Sweeney, 112 Hoskins Street, Temora, N.S.W.:
"I don't like Shakespeare for the WHOLE evening."

Mrs. G. Barsby, 29 Esplanade, Pt. Vernon, Qld.:
"Smoko, come and get it."

Mrs. D. P. Carter, 206 Flamborough Street, Scarborough, W.A.:
"It is not my intention to make this a long speech."

Mrs. C. Wilson, "Karinya," Balingup, W.A.:
"Do tell me in the morning, dear, I've had rather a trying day."

Entries were more varied than usual, and for once no special catch-phrase seemed to have occurred to readers, though there were several "Time, gentlemen, please," "Telephone!" and "Life gets tedious."

Contest No. 5 also differed from its predecessors in that entrants almost unanimously presented the baby as an adult. Several people saw him as a bridge player, in a dentist's chair, and as a singer.

Other roles were bookmaker, rowing coach, boxing referee, and boss giving dictation. But possibly the favorite was that of a host anxious for his visitors to go home.

A number of entries had the baby asking for three cheers for the Queen.



"DOON" - continued from page 4



road in those days include the famous horse-trams.

A monthly ticket was 4/6, but an enterprising lad — Mr. Werner admits guiltily to being such a one — hung on behind, knowing full well that the driver couldn't leave the horses for fear of them bolting.

The driver also saw to it that passengers put their fares in a glass box as they clambered aboard, so one way and another he was fully occupied.

However, he did have a very long whip, long enough to reach the back of the tram and make life uncomfortable for the small fry suspended there.

Mr. Werner recalls that when the tram was fairly full, male passengers would help the horses by leaping off and pushing at the hills.

This is what was known as The Pioneering Spirit and I fear, Mrs. Douglas, it has been largely lost to us today.

But at least our present public transport is in less danger of being held up by highwaymen, which is what happened to the Riversdale Road horse-tram one day in the early 'twenties.

Much of the old entrance to "Doon" would be immediately familiar to you. The glass panel above the original front door still shows "DOON" in letters of gold against a background of stars.

The red-stained glass panels on each side of the door — you probably peered through them, as a little girl, to wonder at the rosy world outside — were removed only a few months ago.

One side of the hall has gone, enlarging the already noble proportions of the drawing-room, and has been replaced by an arch copied exactly from the arch you may remember framing the bay windows on the other side of the room.

The bedroom immediately next to the hall — like all the

other rooms, it's 14 feet high — still has the original plaster medallion in the centre of the ceiling.

I think you would remember this one particularly — any little girl would — because instead of a formal pattern of lilies or acanthus leaves the design includes the heads of four little men, each poking out a long, curly tongue toward the centre.

I think your nursery must have been on the other side of the stairs. (The stairs no longer go down to the servants' quarters; the space where they did is covered and carpeted.)

The doors and walls of your little room have been removed, so that it serves as an entrance to the new modern kitchen added beyond it and to the beautiful enormous room with the wide rounded windows that, you will remember, face the river.

This room still has skirting-boards 14 inches high and is big enough for a small ball or a large party. And from it you can see the crooked elbow of the river, just as you saw it 60 years ago.

The stables have gone, the house has grown, the grounds have shrunk, the bluestone and the old hand-made bricks have been painted pale mauve, the back of "Doon" is now the front, and the former front verandah stares out at a tall fence and towering flats.

But that glimpse of the river is still there.

One day they may build a very tall block of flats on the one empty block opposite and obscure it for ever.

But I know that for you and the Werner children — now in their seventies — that view will never be obscured, just as your own personal "Doon," serene and unchanged, will remain an enchantment for ever.

Yours sincerely,
SHEILA SIBLEY.

SOCIAL

THE Antique Fair at the Anthony Hordern Galleries will begin on a gala note on March 29 with a private viewing (with champagne and sandwiches) to aid the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.

Sir Kenneth Street will open the function, which will be attended by about 400 guests.

The Galleries will be carpeted with Persian rugs for the occasion, and besides the £100,000 worth of exhibits to tempt collectors, there'll be an "on display only" section featuring treasures owned by a number of Black and White Committee members.

They include Mrs. John D. K. Roche, Mrs. Alan Copeland, Mrs. Hugh Eaton, Mrs. Bob McInerney, Mrs. Richard Harford, and Mrs. Dick Allen, who is lending the most wonderful pair of carved jade parrots.

Lots of Antique Fair-goers will end the evening dining at the new Nanook Restaurant, which is opening, too, with a benefit night for the Black and White Committee.

HOLIDAYING at Collaroy from their property "Bramble," at Mendooran, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Sullivan spent every spare minute learning to water-ski. With Mrs. Peter Poole, of "The Valley," Mrs. Tony Young, of "The Rocky," Mrs. David Archer, of "Moronga," and Mrs. Malcolm Scott, of "Wonga," Mendooran, Mrs. Sullivan is now busy arranging a luncheon-dress-parade-and-art-exhibition at Mrs. Scott's home on May 4 to aid the Far West Children's Home. The function, which will be attended by 300 guests, will begin with pre-luncheon champagne cocktails in the beautiful garden at "Wonga."

FROM England comes news that Sir William and Lady Slim are leaving their flat in "Eresby House," Rutland Gate, and taking a house in Old Palace Terrace, on Richmond Green—a lovely spot about twenty minutes from London. Their son Major John Slim, his wife, and their little sons, Mark and Hugo, are living at Callander, near Stirling Castle, the headquarters of John's regiment, the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

HOME-HUNTING problem for Nicholina Ralston and her fiancé, Peter Kuner, who are to wed on May 30, was taking the domestic needs of Nicholina's Afghan hound, Firdar Khan, into consideration. "He's too big for a flat, so we are taking a house in Pacific Road, Palm Beach," she explained. Incidentally, Nicholina is hoping for an early "cold snap" so that Perisher Valley will be white-carpeted when she makes her first excursion to the snow country, honeymooning there with Peter after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

AT her marriage to Bill Thompson, of "Bonholme," Rydal, on March 28, Susan Simpson will set off her wedding gown with a turquoise-and-diamond brooch which belonged to her grandmother, the late Mrs. O. H. Simpson. Susan is being married at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, where the side chapel is dedicated to her maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. Genevieve Fisher. After the ceremony her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Simpson, of Castlecrag, will entertain at the Wentworth Hotel. Bill, who is the son of Mrs. May Thompson, of Double Bay, and the late Dr. Clive Thompson, of Newcastle, will have David Thompson, of "Warrie," Bathurst, as best man, Peter Curtin will be groomsman, and Pam Bradford, of "Cooringle," Nubba, and Joanna Barron will attend Susan.



SMILES from Mr. Randall Boydell and his titian-haired fiancée, Miss Celia Robb, who have just become engaged. Miss Robb is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Robb, of Collaroy. Mr. Boydell is the son of Mr. J. B. Boydell, of "Marinya," Moree, and the late Mrs. Boydell. After their marriage they will live at "Belapampa," Moree.

ROUNDAABOUT

By *Mary Coles*



ABOVE. Mrs. Tony Adler (at left), Mrs. Colin Milson, of "Springvale," Bouli, Queensland, Mr. John Livingston, and Mr. Frank Livingston (on the right), of Melbourne, were among guests at the wedding of Mr. Richard Gibb and Mrs. Hector Livingston at St. Michael's Church.

LEAVING St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, Mr. Richard Gibb, of Darling Point, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Hector Livingston, of Point Piper, with her grandchildren, Amanda and Tony Lewis, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, entertained at their home after the ceremony. Mr. Gibb is the son of Mrs. W. N. Gibb, of Lanarkshire, Scotland, and the late Mr. Gibb, and his wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Long, of "Tyreel," Moree.



BETWEEN DANCES. Miss Robyn McKie and Mr. Gary Lane at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Croydon, Diamond Jubilee Ball at the Trocadero. Miss McKie was a debutante at the ball.



JUST WED. Mr. Peter Cathles, of "Cookmundoon," Wee Jasper, and his bride, formerly Miss Janet Bushell, of "Fullerton Station," Laggan, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with the bride's attendants. From left, Mrs. Geoffrey Weingarth, Mrs. Bruce Murphy, and Mrs. Christopher Barton. After the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bushell, entertained at the Wentworth Hotel before the young couple left to honeymoon in New Zealand and Fiji.



RECENTLY engaged Mr. Michael Shirley and his fiancée, Miss Jo Ann Hopkins, of Warrawee, lunching at the Weinkeller. Mr. Shirley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Shirley, of Armidale.

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FATHER



"Must you come busting in here like that when I'm creating?"

MOTHER



"But he wouldn't cost ANY-THING to keep . . . We could feed him on scraps."

It seems to me

"DID you have a nice weekend?" people often ask on Mondays.

Usually I say yes, because weekends are mostly nice. And if they are nasty nobody wants to hear about them.

To the young, who are the more frequent askers of this polite question, it is no use going into detail. What they mean by a "nice weekend" is two days at the beach and a party on Saturday night. And very nice, too.

But there are other weekend joys (not counting the remote possibility of a winning day at the races). One is not having to get up early.

And then there are red-letter weekends, like the one just past, when I cleared out a whole lot of junk, found a new place for a suitcase, and freed a cupboard shelf, which opens up endless possibilities.

Finding the place for the suitcase was what could be described as a major breakthrough (a term I had sworn never to use).

So simple, too. On top of another one on top of a cupboard. Isaac Newton couldn't have been more excited when the apple hit him.

In consequence I keep going into trances. And when people ask, "Did you have a nice weekend?" I could answer, "Yes, and it's lasting all week while I figure out the permutations." But it is simpler to say, "Oh, marvellous."

NOT much use complaining about it at this stage, but why "ekker-fay" should be the accepted pronunciation of E.C.A.F.E. (Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East) is something I shall never understand.

MOST women will be pleased to know that Princess Soraya has found herself a job and is no longer dependent on the Shah's bounty.

Certainly Soraya's lot has been rather different from that of the usual run of discarded wives. Her allowance from the Shah (£1786 a month) was pretty good by alimony standards. It would go a long way to ease the annoyance of being tossed aside because of failure to produce an heir.

And she is so beautiful that she has never lacked for escorts.

All the same, girls, old and young, were pleased to read that her new career in films will pay enough to leave her untroubled by the Persian Government's announcement, "We will cut her off without a penny."

A Persian Government spokesman added that a film star's roles would not be dignified for a former empress.

To be happily married is the most desirable feminine state, but for those who aren't, the compensation is summed up in Soraya's reply: "I'm a free agent. I can do as I like."

By



Dorothy Drann

TV gag-writer Buck Zuckerman, of New York, must go down in history as the author of one of the most successful hoaxes ever perpetrated.

His pose as G. Clifford Prout, jun., purporting to be the leader of a movement aiming to "clothe naked animals," gained world-wide publicity.

When I saw him on TV I was mildly surprised that anyone who looked so normal could be so nutty. But there are so many strange causes so earnestly espoused

that one accepts another calmly.

The nice thing about this hoax is that it can do no harm. Sometimes you laugh, but feel sorry for those who are deceived. Here you don't have to feel sorry for anyone. The TV and newspaper reporters believed initially that G. Clifford Prout, jun., was genuine, but his antics made an amusing story. And the exposure of the gag provided a second one.

"YOU'RE always going on holidays," someone said to me as I prepared to depart for a week.

An exaggeration, of course. It's just that I take them in segments. One great advantage of broken-up holidays is that two or three times a year I tidy up those rat's-nests of papers that accumulate in the office and at home, sorting them into heaps to be answered, paid, filed, or thrown away. The glow of virtue is as good as a trip abroad.

A SHIPPING line which already offers its cruise passengers tuition in art, flower arrangement, photography, navigation, and golf now plans to develop study programmes of university standard in geography, history, and oceanography. As John Masefield might have said:

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and sky.
And all I asked was a big ship and a chair in which to lie,
And a deck berth on the port side, and those fins to keep her stable,
And calm days and a blank mind and pleasant folk at table.

I've thumbed down on the seas again, for the vagrant gipsy life
Is a gull's way and a whale's way—but the tourist and his wife,
Oh, all they ask is a lecture room and some adult education,
And that famed star that was steered by for a lesson in navigation.

IVAN VAN ALSTE (right and below) is dressed for safari — but he won't go near the crocodiles. A playpen surrounded by chicken-wire keeps him out of mischief — and out of crocodile range.



A-hunting he will go!

● Tough two-year-old Ivan Van Alste, of Perth, has joined a crocodile-shooting expedition in North-west Australia.

IVAN'S gear includes special leather gaiters, desert boots, and outsize jeans with tucks in them — to allow for growth during the nine-month expedition.

Other members of the party are Ivan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Alste, jackaroo Richard Grant, of Redcliffe, and Michael Holley, an industrial chemist who is taking a holiday before starting a physiotherapy course.

The Van Alstes are making the journey in a long-wheelbase Land-Rover and

By
WINFRED BISSET

trailer. They will sleep in the back of the Land-Rover with Ivan, but the others will swing hammocks.

When they set out from Perth they planned to drive night and day to reach their various camping destinations, taking the coastal road to Derby (floods permitting), then across to their "crocodile grounds" 50 to 100 miles from Wyndham.

They hope to make enough money selling crocodile skins to continue the journey up to Darwin, re-

turning to Perth via Alice Springs and Port Augusta before "The Wet" and in time for Christmas.

Their weapons include four .303s, two .22s, and side arms in holsters.

Katie Van Alste has learned how to handle a revolver, but Ivan won't be toting a gun.

His main armament is a playpen — steel stakes which can be driven into the ground and threaded with wire, with an extra barricade of chicken wire.

Erecting the playpen takes first priority each time the party makes camp.

Even before the expedition left Perth Ivan had broken

his pusher with his own two little hands—"So there'll be no pusher for him," his mother said.

The trip was no sudden decision for Katie and Henry Van Alste. A 25-year-old accountant, Henry is Dutch and has been in Australia for 11 years. He married Katie four years ago.

Both want to see northern Australia before Ivan has to go to school.

Instant sculpture

Katie, nearly 21, is one of a family of artists. A painter-sculptor, she won an international prize for writing when she was 12.

She plans to paint while the men are out shooting, and will prepare a sculpture exhibition of aboriginal subjects, collecting red clay en route.

If they stay long enough in the one spot she will

erect a primitive kiln to fire the sculpture.

She also plans to work on a comic-strip series based on aborigines.

Katie's father, Edward Kohler, of Gosnells, is the well-known sculptor of the Hobbs Memorial in Riverside Drive, Perth, and the memorial to King George V outside Brisbane City Hall.

Her sister is a violinist, and she has twin brothers—one a portrait painter in London, the other a heraldic artist in France.

Bottling kit

But Katie has a practical streak, too. As chief cook for the expedition, she faces some dietary problems, especially with Ivan.

"It will be difficult at times to have fruit and green vegetables," she said. "The men would be horrified if they knew, but I am taking along a vacuum bottling outfit to bottle fruit and vegetables as we go."

"There will be times when they will be very grateful to me. Potatoes and onions only last a certain time. Anyway, you can't exist on those."

She has fluoride tablets for Ivan ("the first lot of teeth are all through, thank goodness") and vitamin tablets and a snakebite kit for them all.

Her mother was horrified when she heard Katie was even considering taking Ivan.

"The houses do not have air-conditioning up there, dear," said Mrs. Kohler.

"Mother, we are not going to live in a house at all; we're going to live in the Land-Rover," Katie told her.

But she promised her mother to put Ivan on a plane to Perth if the life didn't suit him.

Katie won't be shooting any crocodiles and she has made one rule: "No parking the Land-Rover too near the lagoon," she said. "Or the crocodiles just wander up and eat your dinner while you're not looking."

NEXT WEEK:

40 Knitting patterns for the family

Next week Woolworths Hand Knits No. 2—a 24-page pull-out knitting book—has 40 patterns to keep all the family warm and well dressed this winter.

Designs like the family threesome in heavy wool at right are shown in color; the patterns are easy to follow.

As well as cardigans, sweaters, and twinsets, the book has patterns for a man's waistcoat, a woman's jumper suit, and a special section for children six years and under.

Don't miss Woolworths Hand Knits No. 2 in our next issue.



Identical sweaters with V-necks for mother, father, and son.

● House that Jack — and Mrs. Jack — built

Color pictures show the house Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sayers, of Geelong, Victoria, built brick by brick. They made the 8000 bricks needed, too.

● How to be a career secretary

It's a tough climb from junior stenographer to the plum salary at the top of the secretarial tree—and you must start climbing with the right foot.

A four-page feature in our next issue tells how to do it; how you can be a career secretary, the boss' right hand, and ruler of his office.

● New fashion era for trousers

From madcap at-home pants to the graceful culotte skirt, trousers are very much in fashion in Paris. Pictures show the new look in trousers designed for all occasions—open air and indoors.

● Readers' stories

In the Home and Family section, two readers' stories: "Do friends really help when a couple settle into a new house?" and "Don't pity the person who stammers."

HOSS WAS THE WINNER

● There was a production delay on the "Bonanza" set in Hollywood recently. Dan Blocker and Mike Landon were fighting . . .

THEY were so engrossed in an Indian-style wrestling match that they refused to stop for anything—even work.

"They couldn't give up the contest until there was a winner," said one of the "Bonanza" executives.

"At first we were annoyed because we are on a pretty strict time limit. But soon the whole crew gathered round to see who would win."

At first, Mike (5ft. 11in., 11st. 6lb.) held his own, but the big and burly Dan (6ft. 4in., 20st. 5lb.) won in the end.

This was no "grudge" match. It was all in fun.

The popular "Bonanza" series is filmed on one of the happiest sets in Hollywood. And there is a reason for its success.

The show's four stars—Lorne Greene, Pernell Roberts, Dan Blocker, and Mike Landon—don't feel they have to compete with one another.

"It's amazing how well they get along," said the studio executive, who has handled more than his share of temperamental stars. "They enjoy working together and even help each other in learning lines."

Lorne Greene is the most serious of the four, and Mike Landon is the young rebel. At the height of a serious scene, his favorite trick is to throw in a few unexpected lines that are completely incongruous with the dialogue.

"They never seem to tire of these little pranks," said the executive. "All we can do is just learn to laugh along with them."

In their own defence, the stars are quick to point out that their working day is long and often tedious.

"We have to be ready for shooting by 8 a.m.," said Lorne. "This means we have to be at the studio by 7 a.m., and it's usually seven in the evening before we can call it a day."

When the show goes on location, it's even tougher on the stars. Then they have to be at the studios by 5 a.m., ready to board buses that will take them far out into the wilds of the California and Nevada mountains.

There are compensations, though. One of these is the success of the "Bonanza" stars' LP record album called "Ponderosa Party Time."

According to Lorne Greene: "It's all quite staggering. We have been getting stacks of letters every day—even one from a girl fan who said she'd bought the record and was now thinking of getting a record player to go with it!"



LEFT: On location, the Cartwrights (from left: Mike Landon, Pernell Roberts, Dan Blocker) discuss the merits of a young foal. Like all the animals that appear on "Bonanza," the foal was rented from a stable that trains livestock for television and movie work.

ABOVE: The Cartwright family stick together when there's trouble brewing. And they're a formidable quartet: Hoss (Dan Blocker, top left) and—reading clockwise—father Ben (Lorne Greene), Little Joe (Michael Landon) and the eldest son, Adam (Pernell Roberts).



Television

Vary your viewing habits - it pays

By DAWN JAMES

● It's funny—the way that relaxing in front of a TV set can develop into a loyal habit. You see a show, you like it, so you watch it — week after week, same time, same channel.

WHILE some people may be show-jumpers, constantly searching for something different, surveys have established that most follow a definite viewing pattern.

Do you often discard old favorites to have a look at other, newer shows? I don't. Not usually, that is. But working-while-you-watch TV is different.

Pitchforked (gently) into writing about television because Nan Musgrove is on sick leave, I've had to spend more time in front of the TV set.

And guess what? It seems that changing your viewing habits is a good thing. Sometimes, anyway . . .

For example, take the new hour-long series "Empire" (TCN9, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.). Being an avid non-fan of Western-type adventures, I didn't bother to look at this show till two weeks ago. And it's good, isn't it?

I like the star, Richard Egan, and the way he appears handsomely hewn from soft granite. I like the excitement of the "Empire" tales of oil exploration. And the oil derricks, like undernourished TV towers. And the show's "open" look; it is filmed mostly out of doors.

Then there's "McHale's Navy" (TCN9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.) which I avoided because — this is not pre-

cisely logical — I get seasick. Not on McHale's wacky sea, I don't. It's a mad, light-hearted show.

And it is certainly impossible to ignore McHale (Ernest Borgnine). Mr. Borgnine is so big; the screen is filled with teeth and grin and muscles. He is exuberantly wild.

But my favorite is McHale's long-suffering Captain Binghamton (Joe Flynn). "Well," he says in a beautiful voice just like a hopeless foghorn, "I'm not going to say 'as you were' because even a blind man could see you've been up to mischief."

It's interesting to check on some old shows, too. Last week, I even deserted "The Flintstones" (TCN9, Mondays, 7 p.m.) to see how "Pick-a-Box" (ATN7, same time) was getting on.

And I must say that in the oddly named "Ashes" contest, Barry Jones and his English opponent Dr. "Rex" Webster are getting on like encyclopedias on fire. I just wish they didn't give me such an inferiority complex.

In the first half of the show, the other "Pick-a-Box" contestants seem to be battling with the same problem.

It may, of course, just be the way they show up against the experts. Or is this section of the programme as disorganised as it seems — about 15 minutes of bumbling round when nothing much is accomplished?

Even Bob Dyer admitted, "We're not scoring very well."

Memo to the "Pick-a-Box" organisers: Will you PLEASE stop the contestants from giving an answer before the question is finished!

This is, I suppose, a case of their nervousness and over-eagerness to be first. But, to this viewer, the half-asked - question - and - the - wrong - answer — not once, but again and again and again — is an infuriating waste of time.

The mother of Little Joe

SIGHT of the month, possibly of the year, in "Bonanza" (TCN9, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.), when Hoss Cartwright (Dan Blocker, see opposite in color) suddenly appeared all bleary and

sleepy and wearing what I took to be an enveloping boss-blanket.

But no. It was a long-sleeved, full-length, checked nightshirt. Like, wow! I may never forget the dainty way Mr. Blocker held out his skirt as he walked down the stairs.

While talking about "Bonanza," there's a fascinating flashback scheduled in this week's episode. Called "Marie, My Love," it is the story of Ben Cartwright's last love — his third wife and Little Joe's mother.

Ben himself (Lorne Greene) will be shown as a young man, which is one reason I shall be watching the show. And glamorous actress Felicia Farr (who married Hollywood film star Jack Lemmon a few months ago) plays Ben's wife, Marie.

MEN'S hairstyles may not be very enterprising, but how they've improved since the gay 'twenties.

How long is it since you've seen a man with his hair slicked flat and parted down the middle?

If you want to take a shuddering look, there's usually an opportunity in "Margie," ATN7's new comedy series about college life in the 'twenties (Fridays, 7 p.m.). Because then, boop-boop-a-doop, that style was all the rage.

"Margie" is a pleasantly frivolous programme, the type that I look at every now and then. Not always, because the 'twenties theme alone — minus a strong story line — gets a bit tedious week after week.

Watching "Margie" recently I was moved to wonder if ATN7 realises that the show is sometimes — well, rather subversive?

According to Margie's father (Dave Willock): "The mind of a woman is a mysterious thing. We know it's there, but we don't know how it works . . ."

Oh, come now, fellers. That statement is incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, and — envious, perhaps?

Rockets without words

COME to think of it, there are several things that I don't "know how it works." Like the masculine mind — and rockets.

And I'm no closer to knowing what's what about



MARY KAYE (right) has her make-up retouched by TCN9's Pam Bunyan, while Bobby Limb offers a helping powder-puff. Mary Kaye's famous trio stars in "The Mobil Limb Show" on TCN9 this Friday, March 29, at 7.30 p.m.

a rocket after spending 75 minutes trying to understand "The Starbuilders," last week's programme in TCN9's usually first-class "Project '63" series (Mondays, and too late at 10.25 p.m.; let's have it earlier, eh?).

Getting back to "The Starbuilders": this was, they tell me, the story of how the U.S. builds its mighty Atlas rockets.

Since the producers decided to make an artistic programme instead of a comprehensible one, they omitted a commentary and substituted a background of modern jazz.

Viewers got marvellously contrived pictures looking down at things, looking up, looking sideways — but looking at WHAT?

I'll grant you "The Starbuilders" was both unusual and interpretative. But I DID want to know what was going on and all I got was more and more mystified.

GRAHAM KENNEDY opened last week's edition of "The Best of Kennedy" (TCN9, Wednesdays, 9.30 p.m.) by warbling "Let me entertain you; let me make you smile . . ."

This urge that comedians have to sing on their various shows is dreadfully catching, isn't it?

There are times when Mr. Kennedy entertains me. There are times when he makes me smile. Not, however, when he sings. Now, THAT is the worst of Kennedy.

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

With KIRSTEN WARD

★★ THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES

This is one of the best World War II dramas to come out of Italy — or any other country — and shows war as it really is, with none of the flag-waving heroics of the American war movie, nor the stiff-upper-lip stoicism of the British vintage.

It's the brave, tragic story of the four-day uprising of the Neapolitans which preceded the evacuation of the Nazis from the Italian city in 1943.

Overnight — after the peace treaty signed by Italy with the Americans — allied German soldiers become enemies. Then the Neapolitans revolted with everything they had — including bare hands.

The at times unbearable tragedy is relieved by light touches. Even if you're fed-up to the teeth with war dramas, you must see this one. — W.M. — Metro Continental, Sydney.

In a word . . . SHATTERING.

★★ DR. NO

The story may be rather improbable — but then most secret-agent stories are, and this is nevertheless very

exciting and entertaining. Sean Connery as James Bond is an extremely attractive hero, who faces all sorts of horrible dangers (and beautiful women) with calm and sophistication.

In this he's up against the cold and brilliant Dr. No, who is plotting to dominate the world from his enormous and luxurious scientific retreat under the Caribbean Sea. The photography (in color) and production are excellent. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . GRIPPING.

FRANK SINATRA's company is scheduled to make "A Young Man's Fancy," which will star Swedish singer Ann-Margret, who has been seen quite a bit at Hollywood nightspots lately — escorted by Frank.

PAUL NEWMAN is growing a beard and intends to keep it. His wife, Joanne Woodward, is not so keen on the idea, but is prepared to accept it. It started when he was signed to play a Pulitzer Prize novelist in "The Prize." M.G.M. officials felt Paul looked too young and handsome to play a distinguished novelist.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



Tommy Hanlon

MOMMA'S MORAL: If you wonder what your wife does with all that grocery money — stand sideways and look in the mirror.

Mamma once said: One of the biggest arguments in married life is the argument "Where does the grocery money go?" Now, tell the truth, hasn't this happened to you? You ask your husband for two or three pounds to get some groceries, and he says, "Grocery money again? What happened to the five pounds I gave you last week?" . . . "Money doesn't grow on trees, you know" . . . "Do you ever realise how hard I have to work for five pounds?" etc. If your household is anything like mine, that always seems to be the big argument. You walk into the house, tired after a hard day's work, and your wife says, "You owe me three pounds," and you say, "What for?" She says, "I spent some of my money for groceries," and you say, "What happened to the money I gave you this morning?" And she says, "It cost three pounds more than you gave me." Crash! Another argument. Well, if you're a wife and you read this and your husband says, "What on earth do you do with the grocery money?" read him this . . .

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



SIMPLY STUNNING—PURE SILK TWEED!

Wow! Luxurious pure silk, woven with tweedy texture, splashed with stripes or criss-crossed with subtle checks. It's the jazziest, snazziest fabric of the season; tailored in classic shirt-style; and it's yours for an incredibly low 59/11.

Lady Delaco
LOVELIEST BY DESIGN



MONACO . . .

Television

● Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco has played her first film role in seven years — and her first film role as herself.

THE former Grace Kelly played hostess and guide in a television tour of the tiny principality of Monaco, "A Look at Monaco," just released on American and Canadian TV.

Some have called the show "Grace's answer to Jackie," since the Monaco TV show was loosely based on last year's highly successful "Tour of the White House," with Jacqueline Kennedy, the U.S. President's wife, as hostess.

Monaco's entire royal family — Prince Rainier, Princess Grace, and their two children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert — appeared in the show, which was filmed by America's Columbia Broadcasting System.

The hour-long "A Look at Monaco" includes:

- A conducted tour of the Grimaldi Palace, with Princess Grace as guide.
- The Prince and Princess, accompanied by his father and sister, attending a gala performance at the Opera House.
- The royal couple attending High Mass at the Monaco Cathedral.
- An outing with the Rainier family aboard their motor launch and a visit with them to the zoo.
- Highlights of Monaco's annual festival, "Fete Nationale," and the annual football match.
- A view of Prince Rainier's Napoleonic collection, one of the finest in the world.

● Princess Grace visiting an orphanage.

Princess Grace laid down two strict conditions for the production of "A Look at Monaco."

They were that the film be produced in color and that no commercial could be broadcast within three minutes of any scene in which the royal family appeared.

Pets as stars

One result of the latter condition is that most of the commercials are timed for shots of the royal pets — a dog named Melange and a whistling parrot, Cocoa.

Cocoa can whistle two tunes — the Monegasque national anthem and part of the theme music from the film "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

Unhappily, when Cocoa was called on to whistle the anthem, he would insist on whistling "Kwai," and this sequence had to be refilmed several times.

Conspicuously absent from Princess Grace's Monaco tour are views of the world-famous Casino.

Said a C.B.S. executive: "No gambling is shown. This was another condition imposed by the Princess."

"When the producer tried to argue, Princess Grace reminded him that she had never been to the Casino, nor had Prince Rainier, and they never missed it."

"Neither, therefore, should the TV viewers."

Prince Rainier's great-great-grandfather, during whose reign the Casino was

built, banned it to his subjects because he didn't want them to incur gambling debts.

The Prince and Princess have merely been observing that old law in not visiting the Casino.

After its single showing in America, "A Look at Monaco" becomes the property of Princess Grace, who alone will negotiate for its showing elsewhere in the world.

The show cost Columbia 400,000 dollars (£A200,000) to produce, but what the Rainiers were paid for the American and Canadian rights is anybody's guess.

It must have been plenty, because Princess Grace allowed the film to be seen in America before it was shown in Europe.

C.B.S. television reported that during the filming Princess Grace was still the complete professional actress — always on time, never fluffing her lines.

Because, from Princess Grace's viewpoint, the main result of the show will be to attract tourists to Monaco, she showed intense personal interest in all its details.

She chose most of the sites and worked closely on the script with producer William Frye and writer Cynthia Lindsay. She personally approved all the films immediately they were edited.

As a result, and in spite of unfavorable weather (most of the film was taken during Europe's bitter December), the production was completed only two days over schedule.



● Prince Rainier and Princess Grace pose together at the entrance to Grimaldi Palace, which will be seen in the TV show "A Look at Monaco."

...with Princess Grace as guide

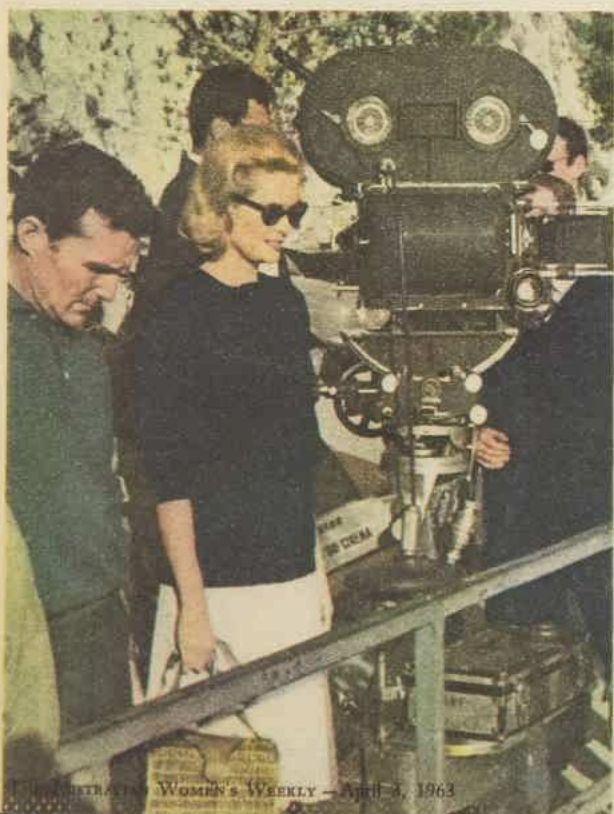
Her Highness banned
gambling casino
scenes in TV tour



● The whole family—Princess Grace, Caroline, Albert, and Prince Rainier—get together for their trip on the Royal yacht *Albecaro* (named after the children) during the making of the TV film of the tiny principality.



● In jaunty yachting cap and heavy sweater (Princess Grace bought them for the children in Ireland), Prince Albert with his mother aboard the yacht *Albecaro*. C.B.S. executives say the children behaved like real troupers. The film will soon have world release.



● As all the paraphernalia of film production is readied on the Monaco quayside, the star—Grace Kelly, in black sweater, white skirt, and sunglasses—gets ready to go once more on camera.



● Prince Albert provides a study in concentration as shipmate-sister, Princess Caroline, points out something during the family jaunt on *Albecaro*.

The most delicious moment in a meal!



A view on Dunk Island,
Great Barrier Reef,
North Queensland.



Serve it often—it's so easy. And the golden goodness of tropical fruit rich in Vitamin C is all good food—with no waste. Golden Circle Tropical Fruit Salad is the most delicious moment of a meal—summer or winter.

Golden Circle

Tropical FRUIT SALAD

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE



Until they met their lives had been lonely and empty, but now vistas of happiness stretched ahead for them . . . a romantic short story



THE RED ROSE

By PADDY FORD

SHE had almost forgotten how good it could feel being in love. She thought she had finished with love a long time ago, for it had brought her nothing but disillusion and sadness.

She sat at her mirror. She was thirty-four. "Old," she said out loud, and repeated it slowly, "Old." And did not notice that the honey-colored hair was shiny and thick, the pale skin clear and smooth, the eyes so large and bright. She saw only her plainness; her age.

Janet Bellamy could not rid herself of the feeling that she was being faintly ridiculous. This bursting sensation in her heart—the frivolous jumps of the spirit—these things surely belonged to the young? Dreams were a prerogative of the young. Weren't they?

Yet here was she, an old maid almost, dreaming dreams . . . She sighed. She ought to be ashamed. How everyone would laugh. And she longed, but did not have the courage, to tear off her sober, dark, ordinary dress and go and find for herself a gown that was beautiful, romantic, gay, the sort of thing a girl put on for the man she loved . . .

Instead, she went to her coat, lying across the bed, and felt in its pockets for cigarettes. She found them, lit one, and pulled the smoke deep into her lungs. Then she walked over to the window.

It was Saturday afternoon. In the street, three floors below, there were people, thousands of them, it seemed, straggling to the shops. Cars hooted. Children wailed. A few shiny raindrops scattered the air and were blown away by the wind.

Janet watched. She had spent years watching other people from this window. She had watched them quarrel, make up, kiss in the blue-shadowed doorways, say goodbye after a night at the pictures. She saw life from her third-floor window, she sometimes thought, and it was rather like watching pieces fitting into some vast jigsaw puzzle. It amused her to compose such whimsy thoughts, and it was only rarely that she asked herself: "Where do I fit in?"

Today she neither knew nor cared. Anticipation of a telephone call sustained her. And her breath came faster as she remembered his voice, his dear voice. Today she was happy. Happy.

His name was William Holman . . . Bill. The words rang like sweet silver chimes through her mind. She longed for nine o'clock, for that was the hour he would telephone. Bill was a methodical person. He would not be late. That pleased her. She, too, had a regard for time, and for many other (she supposed) spinsterish foibles. Such as neatness, a fastidious clinging to routine, a "pendant" for building castles in Spain, or elsewhere.

Sometimes she wondered if her passion for order were simply a compensation for a disorderly mind; a cover for eager, straying thoughts that would not be labelled and popped conveniently into cubicles.

But routine had flown out of the window in a huff two months ago. Begone, she said, I no longer need you, and it was wondrous how unfettered she felt. Nowadays her dreams galloped, unheeded, all over the place.

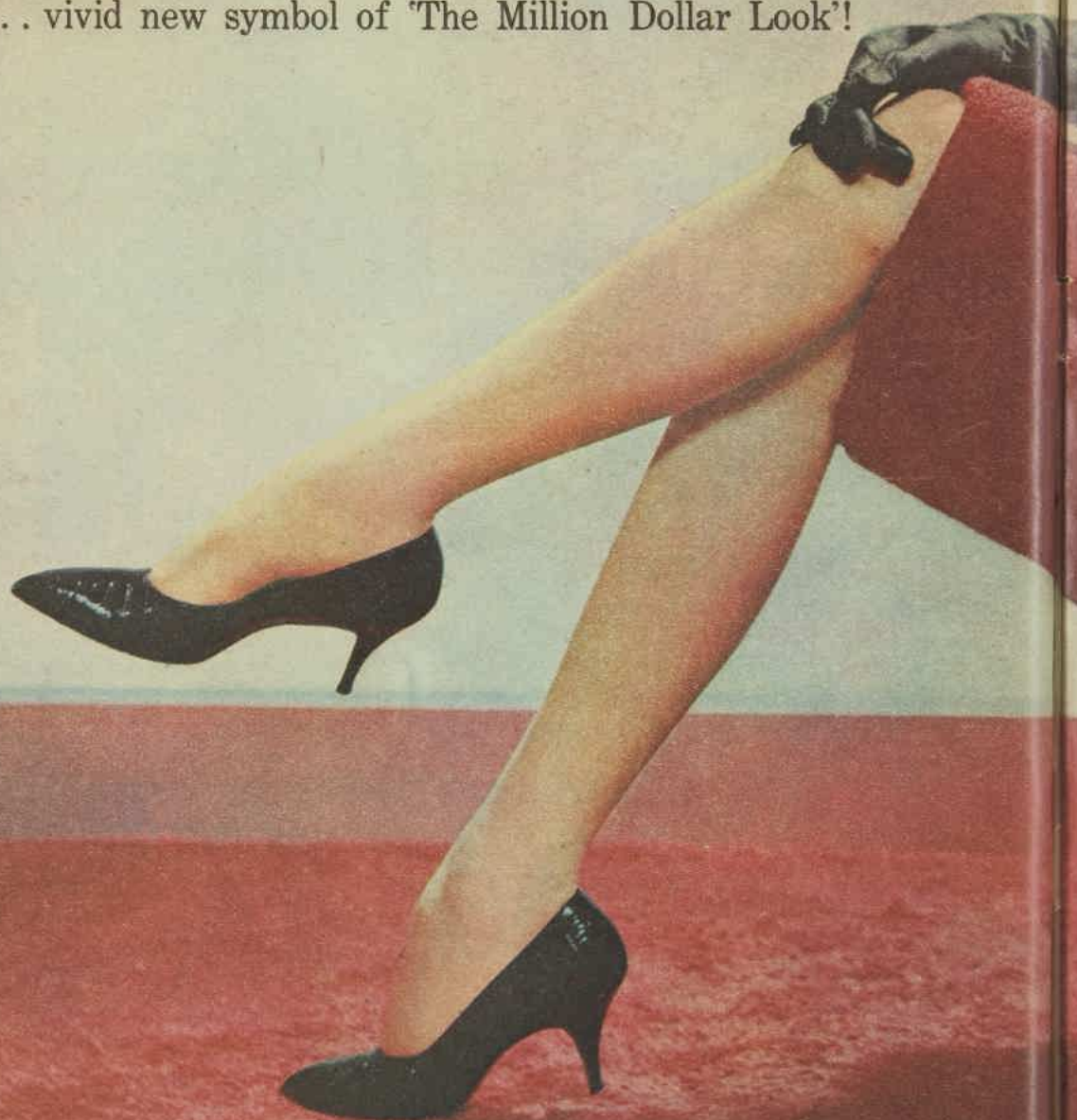
To page 22

Janet held the rose in her hand as William fondly gazed at her.

Revlon salutes it!

'The Million Dollar Look'

THIS IS IT! . . . the greatest look in the world and the girl who has it has the world at her feet! Her look is becoming a legend . . . her care-free flair, her casual chic, her breezy young air! To her (to *you*!) Revlon dedicates the *red-of-all-reds* . . . vivid new symbol of 'The Million Dollar Look'!





'MILLION DOLLAR RED'—newest color for lips and fingertips . . . an all-out, all-knowing, all-girl red! Rich, juicy—and *bursting* with chic! Watch it become the fashion trademark of our time! In Super-Lustrous II and Lanolite Lipstick—matching Cream and Frosted Nail Enamel.



Bill was tall and would have looked distinguished in elegant suits — of which he had none. To her he was simply marvellous. He was possessed of an immense kindness and gentleness. He played the piano, and, oh, how soothing to listen, for he loved the sad, sweet Chopin nocturnes that were her favorites.

She wallowed in the music's romantic melancholia. That was the trouble with her and Bill; they had both been lonely too long and become broody! And she giggled softly to herself.

He was, perhaps, a few years older than she. Janet did not know his age exactly, for he had not told her — yet.

But he would, she knew he would. Their relationship, so new and tentative, would progress, and

Continuing . . . THE RED ROSE

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gradually they would discover everything about the other. And the discovering time would be beautiful.

She leaned her cheek against the window's cold glass and marvelled at how beautiful it was going to be, these precious weeks of slowly getting through to one another, and then — and then? Well, no use pretending. She wanted to marry Bill.

The long, wasted years taunted her. Why should I not be in a hurry, she demanded? Why? Why? There was so much happiness to catch up with, so much of everything. All the things she had wanted. All the things she had missed.

She remembered then, pain-

fully, her broken engagement . . . and Tom, the boy she had loved at twenty. And, oh! such a stupid, innocent twenty. She had insisted on marriage — and marriage, it had turned out, was not what Tom wanted after all. He had left her.

And — since Tom — men scared her to death.

Janet's wish was hidden away, hardly thought of, yet there, pressing, all the while. Sometimes pressing so hard it became an unbearable ache.

She knew how ridiculous people would think her if they knew. The quiet, plain Miss Bellamy; that old

maid. Marriage and babies were for the twenty-year-olds who, all around her at the office, were getting married every day, it sometimes seemed.

Only yesterday young Dolly Harrison had come bouncing into the room showing off a brand-new diamond on her third finger and asking everyone to wish her luck . . . and just the week before, Eve Gray, across the corridor, had told everyone she was leaving because she was expecting a baby.

And Janet did not care any more. Not since she had met William Holman and her own life had begun expanding like a flower opening to the sun.

There was a faraway smile on her face as, in the streets below, she watched a boy and girl pass by, the girl so pretty with blond hair to her shoulders, Bardot-fashion, and

the boy in jeans and snappy leather jacket. They held hands, they gazed, trance-like, into each other's eyes, their footsteps dragged. Janet was moved by their happiness. A-a-ah . . . love was for the young.

But she was no longer convinced. She turned away, getting up reluctantly. Saturday afternoons were always quiet. Everyone else was busy on Saturday afternoons. Janet usually sewed or went to the pictures. Such dull pursuits. She hated Saturday. The only nice thing about it, she sometimes reflected, is that it is the day before Sunday.

On Sundays Bill arrived. It was the only time he was free. He had a business of his own which, after a slow start, was beginning to do well, but not well enough for Bill to be able to employ regular help.

He loved her. She was certain of it. Already it showed in many unobtrusive ways: the chocolates he faithfully brought, sometimes tied with a silly pink bow; the way he would not let her get up for cigarettes, or make the coffee, or even let out the purry marmalade cat.

She loved to see him moving about her flat, with Father's books in the pine shelves on one side of the fireplace, and the loud-ticking clock, the red rug. So many things from the past, in this room of hers. And now—Bill.

It was extraordinary that she should have met him at the office, of all places. It was in the office that Janet took her spectacles from their leather case, meticulously polishing them before placing them on her short, square nose and became dull, efficient Miss Bellamy, Mr. Oscar Bean's jewel of a secretary, who had been with the firm for years and years, according to all the bright young things who thronged the cloakrooms at lunch-time, crowding close to glimpse themselves in the mirrors before dashing out to meet their boy-friends.

Janet had a sandwich lunch indoors most days and afterwards stepped out for a walk round the stores, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mrs. James, who was the secretary of Mr. Lucas downstairs.

The office had been Janet's whole life before she saw William Holman. She came alive within its tall white walls. Here she was happy. Her desk of warm, dark wood with its streamlined typewriter on top, the view of the Thames from the window; these things had the comfortable familiarity of old, dear friends. And the carpet in her own office and Mr. Bean's, new and pale gold, that Janet had chosen with such loving solicitude, was her special pride. Or had been.

William Holman had stepped across the pale gold carpet that first day. She had been aware of brown eyes looking down upon her intently as she sat at her desk, sorting through papers, and she had blushed and half turned away, for the brown gaze had been so very intense. And disturbing. . .

He had sat on the chair beside her desk, as all clients did, as he waited for Mr. Bean. Unlike all clients, he talked to her. He spoke of nothing in particular, and commented upon the sunshine, and once she saw him glance at her ringless third finger. Janet ordered him a cup of tea and wished he would stop talking. And yet . . . Nervously she flicked back a strand of pale honey hair.

And after he had disappeared through the white door to the office of Mr. Bean she condemned herself angrily for getting into such a tizzy. All because a man had looked at her admiringly, as if she were a real live woman instead of a shadowy being of negative impulses.

Outside the office buildings that evening he was waiting. He emerged from the shadows unexpectedly, raising his hat, a smile of apology on his unremarkable face.

"You might not believe it," he said, "but normally I'm a shy person."

He spoke in a flurry of words, so that she believed him instantly. He was terrified she would snap at him. As if she would! "Yet," he added, "I wanted to see you again. Do you mind?"

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Colours Royale in ILLUSIONS nylons . . .

colours that glow with the hidden fire of precious jewels, enhancing the exquisite sheerness, the ankle-hugging smoothness and perfect fit of Illusions seamfree stretch nylons. See Illusions in TOPAZ, a sun-bronzed amber, and JEWEL, new burnished gold specially created for Autumn's newest dress colours.

 **Prestige**

Makers of hosiery, lingerie and fine fabrics

SEARCH FOR MARY SMITH

By **ROBERT STANDISH**

THE sleek international bus, locked and empty, was parked near the old port of Nice when a young man riding a scooter arrived from the direction of Italy. To a policeman daydreaming nearby, the young man said, in French which was correct but far from fluent, "Can you tell me where I am likely to find the driver of this bus?"

"Being a Corsican," was the reply, "you will probably find him at the Cafe Mondial. Being a Corsican myself, it is where I shall go when I come off duty."

Following the simple directions given him, the young man soon found the Cafe Mondial, where, standing at the bar, was the driver of the bus he had followed all the way from Rome. "Hello! What happened to you? We missed you at San Remo," said the driver. "The young lady waited an hour for you when we arrived, and finally left your valise with me. I will get it for you in a few minutes."

"Which hotel did she go to?"

The reply to this was an expressive shrug. "I must find her this evening," continued the young man earnestly. "My happiness for the rest of my life depends upon it. How can I find her?"

"Courage, my friend, for all is not lost. There is in this cafe now the one man in all Nice who can help you. Come, I will introduce you to him. He is probably"—his eyes lit with the enthusiasm of a Corsican—"the greatest detective in all France."

"Until three years ago he was of the police, but now he is a cripple. A gangster's bullet took him in the thigh, shattering the bone. He has never walked since without crutches. Come with me. His name is Augusto Beveraggi . . ."

The young man found himself at a corner table at which sat a round-faced man of about forty, his features drawn with pain, but with the kindest smile imaginable. He had watchful, dark brown eyes. "I do not think Pietro mentioned your name," said Beveraggi.

"That is because he did not know it," replied the young man. "But my name is Paoli—Marco Paoli."

"To Corsican ears, Paoli is a good name. You know of Pasquale Paoli, the great Corsican patriot who raised the rebellion during the French Revolution?"

"He was my grandfather's great-uncle," replied Marco. "I knew the story of Pasquale Paoli before I had ever heard the name of George Washington."

"Then, Marco Paoli," said Beveraggi warmly, "let me tell you that you are among friends. If they knew who you were, there is not a man in this cafe tonight who would not wish to drink with you. We are all Corsicans here."

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"I am trying to find a young lady," Marco Paoli remarked to Beveraggi, the famous Corsican detective.



"No," she said, her stupid heart thumping.

"I thought at first you must be married," he said. "A person like you. But you're not, are you?" She shook her head. "Then may I take you out to dinner?" And she wondered if he guessed that, for her, bells rang and angels sang.

For, of course, she had gone. How could she ever have resisted such a tentative invitation? And they had moved closer to one another until at last, on this Saturday afternoon in early spring Janet faced tremblingly the fact that she was in love.

The ringing of the telephone wrenched her thoughts forward, like the sudden slam of a door. It was he, so early, so early! Her eyes shone as she spoke his name.

"I cannot see you tomorrow," he said, and elation fled, swift fear rushing into her body.

Continuing . . . THE RED ROSE

from page 22

"Why?" she said, and she thought that perhaps it was all a dream after all, and that Bill had begun to think of excuses, and—

"My mother is ill," he said simply. "Besides, I want to tell her about you."

"Is it bad?" she inquired anxiously.

"No," he said. "She has had flu and is depressed, and I thought it time I turned up for Sunday lunch at home again."

"Oh . . ." She let out a long, slow breath. She spoke jerkily, staccato with relief. "Oh, well then — another time . . ."

"I'll get away early on Monday," he promised. "I'll be outside your office at six."

"All right," she said. "How are you, Bill?"

"Fine," he said. "See you on Monday, my dear."

She stared at the telephone afterwards, doubtfully, wondering if it could give her the answer to the nagging wriggle of disquiet.

She felt unsure, unwanted, and the image of a great big empty Sunday yawned before her. Bitter tears of disappointment squeezed into her eyes and slipped heavily down her cheeks. She thought of the delectable meal, at present in embryo in the fridge. Ah! how had she ever existed simply to cook for herself?

And now he was leaving her alone, eating lunch with his family she did not know, pale shadowy creatures, who, nonetheless, had a claim on him. And she banged her arms desperately against the table, and the passion he had aroused, by announcing his non-arrival, surprised even herself, so that drearily she drove it from her, ashamed, defeated.

But when her lunch-hour came on Monday, Janet walked purposefully instead of aimlessly around the brightly colored stores. Spring was in her heart again.

She lingered over the myriad treasures in the cosmetic department and daringly bought a small bottle of French perfume. She dabbed some of it behind her ears and then, somewhat gaily, on her wrists and, like a soldier surging forth into battle, descended upon

the dress department. There courage ebbed.

She saw a pink-checked gingham, all full-skirted and swirly. She touched it longingly . . . ah! it was beautiful. Briefly she held it against her. She took from the rail a plain suit. She bought it.

Yet the pink gingham danced before her bedazzled eyes, so that the longing deep inside her for something to express her full, bursting love became a wish that could not be denied. And then she saw over at the flower counter the red rose. A true crimson it was, huge and lustrous-looking, and it seemed as if the heart of it were touched with dew.

"I'll have it," she said hurriedly, before she changed her mind, for Janet Bellamy had not for many long years bought such a frivolous object. And she walked quickly away from the store, the red rose—her symbol of love—tucked into a large striped bag.

Back at the office she went to the cloakroom to comb her hair. Her hand was on the door, she was almost inside, when she heard a voice. A careless, giggling voice. A young voice . . .

It was saying, "Poor Miss Bellamy must have found herself a man at last. She looks quite skittish these days. Poor old thing . . ."

Janet pressed her hands to her ears. Her dreams, those stupid, insubstantial beings that promised so much, crumbled.

She ran back to her office, that safe little room. She stood uncaringly on the pale gold carpet. She took the rose from its striped paper bag and looked at it.

It was no longer crimson — just red. And the heart of it was not touched with dew after all.

After a while she got up and went into the offices across the corridor. She held up the bag to the saucer gaze of two typists who sat there. "Would someone like this?" she queried. "Someone gave it to me . . . quite unsuitable." She tossed the bag at them and fled, and Mr. Oscar Bean wondered what had happened to the even-tempered Miss Bellamy, who actually snapped at him for no reason at all.

WHEN six o'clock came Janet put on the suit she had bought. She surveyed herself in the mirror in the empty cloakroom. Outside, the corridors were lightless and still. Everyone had gone. She pulled the waist a little tighter. No one could say she hadn't kept her waistline . . . and the hurt closed in on her from all sides, like a cold, implacable fog, so that she marched to the lift, head high, her dreams in pieces.

Her smile was tight and wintry when she saw Bill. She was even surprised to find him there. After all, his mother probably hadn't been ill at all. Doubts pushed remorselessly at her.

He was waiting in the shadow of the pillar in the arched doorway. She noticed with concern that the dear face was thin. It was a week since she had seen him. And then her mouth hardened with determination.

But he was smiling as he came toward her. He held out his arms and she almost walked into them.

"You look lovely, Janet," he said. There was wonder in his voice. Disbelievingly, she stared. "So tall and pale," he said. "And you have a new suit. How nice you look." "Why . . . thank you, Bill."

They strolled down the street. At the corner, Bill hesitated at the flower shop. "Wait here," he said.

He came out quickly again, and he carried a twist of spangled paper. He gave it to Janet. He said: "Wear this. Wear it for me because . . ."

She pulled aside the paper. Her heart fluttered stupidly; she looked at the rose in her hand. It was crimson, a true crimson, and the heart of it was touched with dew. She hid her eyes from him.

"Because . . ." William Holman gaily said. "I love you."

And miraculously she knew it was true, and she was young, young, as young as springtime, and all her dreams were spread before her.

(Copyright)

The star... is you!



CLAIRE BLOOM, star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cinema's Production "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm"



Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that keeps your skin so soft, so smooth — so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No Hollywood star ever faced such extreme close-ups as you face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes — if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the Hollywood stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies — leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux — no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. And you . . .



In four pastel shades and white

Four-page
feature

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS



TRILBY style (above left) in white fur-felt has red braid band, white kid flash. Beige coachman shape (centre), veiled and banded in black, looks wonderful with tweeds. Youthful version of deerstalker cap, right (without flaps to shield ears), is fashioned of white felt.

● These nine man-style models were chosen from the Autumn-Winter, 1963, show of the Australian Millinery Manufacturers' Association. Top fashion, and perfect partners for the new slim-fitting suits and coats (see overleaf), these bowler and trilby, coachman and deerstalker styles are on sale throughout Australia.

Continued overleaf



HELMET shape adapted from the London bobby's helmet, shaped in black velvet (above) with wide aqua satin band and beige-kid flower trim.

ROBIN HOOD hat (right) in melusine is for sportive occasions. Self-fabric feather at back is a dashing note.



CURLED - BRIM and jaunty look of derby bowler (above) in dark grey fur-texture wool. Brilliant red underbrim.



EDWARDIAN riding-hat (left) is shown in teal melusine with deep black band and white buckle. Eye-veil gives feminine touch.

PROFILE BOWLER design (left), very smart and easy to wear, is tailored in ocelot fabric, has a conical-shaped crown.

FIRE - ENGINE red fur felt (right) is feminine version of fireman's brass helmet. It is banded and bowed with black patent leather.



Continued: FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS



SANDWICH - BOARD shift brings new evening glamor to the shift-shape in this panel design in black velvet and satin; the panels are caught at the sides with flat satin bows. £11/11/-. (From Cursons Evening Wear Dept.)



SUPERBLY cut model frock in black wool (left) is timeless in appeal. Note the gently curved bodice, slim waist with angled self-bow on one side, the smooth and easy skirt. £65. (From Farmer's Little Shop autumn-winter collection.)

Continued overleaf

BLACK velvet and satin achieve tops in elegance in the smart evening shift at right, which has a low-cut back finished with a matching satin bow. £10/10/-. (From Cursons Evening Wear Dept.)



EVENING costume of blue-and-gold satin brocade (left) for almost any gala night. The dress beneath the button-up jacket has a plain blue top and little sleeves, with beading at the dropped waist. £25/5/-. (From Cursons Evening Wear Dept.)





A. V-neck cardigan with Italian inspired little boy shirt, short sleeve. **B.** Buttoning cardigan with two-way collar, crew-neck short sleeve jumper. **C.** Classic V-neck cardigan with soft tie-front V neck, short sleeve jumper. **D.** Classic button-to-neck cardigan and crew neck jumper with short sleeves.

A. Lithe bugle skirt with self braces in spruce, golf-brown, vicuna, maple. **B.** 2" box pleated skirt, with 2" belt, in spruce, golf-brown, vicuna, maple. **C.** "A" shape skirt with neat self belt in spruce, golf-brown, vicuna, maple. **D.** Flute skirt with pin tucked seams in spruce, golf-brown, vicuna or maple.

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Conclusion:

FASHIONS



NEW SEASON dash in winter's go-anywhere coat-dress with split-level look. In black wool, it is cunningly casual worn with well-heeled black sealskin boots. An individual model. £87/10/-. (From Farmer's Little Shop autumn-winter collection.)

WOOL JERSEY reversible shift (right) with wool-braid edge is perfect to wear with contrast skivvy or sweater. It comes in colors like red, gold, blue, all reversing to black. £9/19/11. (David Jones.)



SHIFT-Y and short grey (or red) flannel (left) is cut on double-breasted lines, has skirt to stride out in and low-tied belt. In petite fittings. £9/19/6. (David Jones.)

SLIM, spare look in a knitted coat of navy wool (right) that buttons through like a cardigan has just-above-wrist-long sleeves, cuffed pockets. The imported coat is lined. 21 gns. (Mark Foy's Boutique.)



TOPCOAT (below) that plays the plaid with all stops out—big, bold, grey and white. The fabric is boucle with adjustable neck scarf. 20 gns. (Bebarfalds.)



IN THE SHOPS



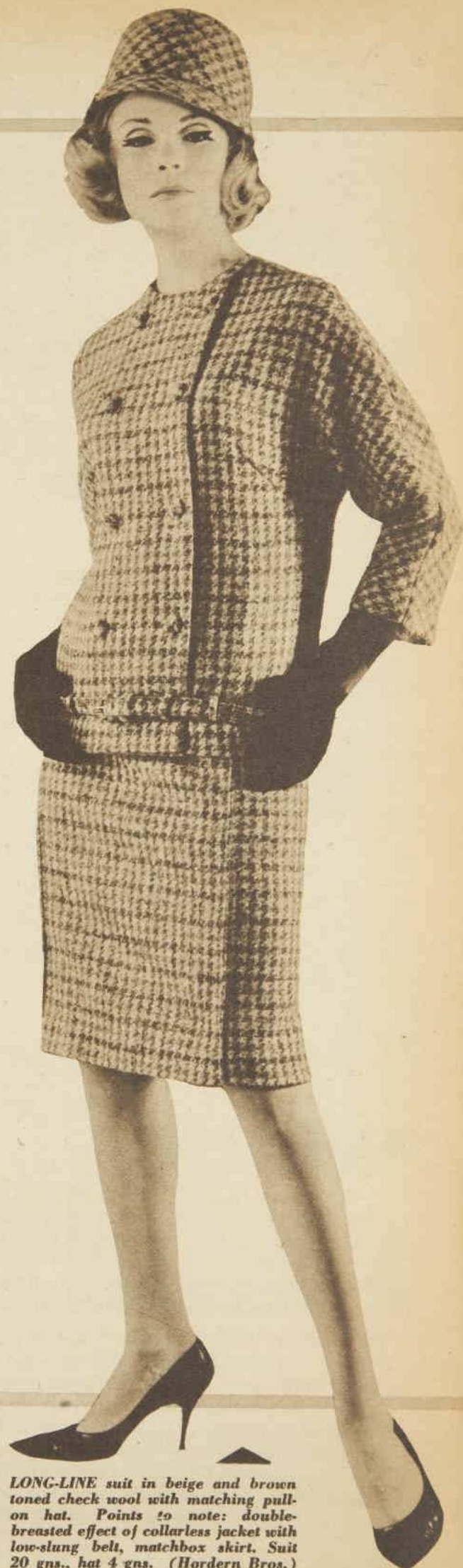
THREE-PIECE suit in fine wool-tweed (right) is French-inspired. Pencil-slim in design, it has a sleeveless overblouse and tailored jacket. 13 gns. (Bebarfalds.)



DOUBLE-KNIT three-piece in soft wool (below) has washable overblouse. Wonderfully wearable colors are camel, grey, or green with white, or brown with bone. £13/19/11. (Rockman's, Market Street).



TWO-TONE grey flannel dress (above) with wide, slotted patent belt (£9/19/11) is topped with a braid-trimmed mohair coat that reverses from grey to new not-quite-white shade. 17 gns. (Freckles Sportswear.)



LONG-LINE suit in beige and brown-toned check wool with matching pull-on hat. Points to note: double-breasted effect of collarless jacket with low-slung belt, matchbox skirt. Suit 20 gns., hat 4 gns. (Hordern Bros.)

BASIC MORNAV SAUCE

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

Ingredients: 1 small onion, cut in half; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; 4 peppercorns or pinch pepper; small piece bay leaf; 1 oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 6 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Method: Heat milk, onion, salt, peppercorns, or pepper and bayleaf in a saucepan. Cover and allow to stand for 7-10 min. Melt butter, add flour, and cook for a few minutes. Strain milk, and add gradually, stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Add shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and continue cooking, stirring until cheese melts. Makes approximately 1 pint.

MACARONI MORNAV

Ingredients: Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 cup macaroni; 1 medium onion, chopped; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup day-old breadcrumbs; 1 oz. butter.

Method: Cook macaroni and onion in 2 pints boiling salted water for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Mix Mornay Sauce through macaroni, and turn into a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, and dot with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F. Gas, 400°F. Electric) for 25 minutes or until heated through. 4-5 servings.



LOBSTER MORNAV

Ingredients: Basic Mornay Sauce; 1 medium size lobster (2½ to 3lb.); salt, pepper; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter (1 dessertspoon); lemon wedges to garnish.

Method: Cut lobster in half lengthwise, remove all the meat, and cut into cubes. Scrub lobster shell thoroughly. Pile meat back into prepared shells; sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot with butter. Cover with greaseproof paper and heat in a moderate oven (350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric) for 15 minutes. Spoon over the Mornay Sauce. If not to be served at once, keep warm in a moderate oven. Garnish with lemon. 6 servings. As an alternative to lobster, serve this delicious Mornay Sauce over cooked fresh or frozen fish.

THIS LENT

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MARRIED TO DANGER

from page 7

his back. He was an athletic boy, tall and handsome and strong, but slowly he began to waste away.

The doctors diagnosed a disease prevalent among the German troops who had returned from Poland — encephalitis, an inflammation of the brain.

There was no treatment, no cure. Daniel continued to waste away for week after week, until about all that seemed to remain of the brother I had known and loved was his spirit.

One of my brother's great gifts had been his excellent singing voice. At that time I had no singing voice whatever, and I remember him saying, in the last few hours before he died, that he was going to leave me his pocket-money.

I said: "I'd rather have your voice."

He winked at me just before he died and replied: "I'll try to leave that with you."

I believe strongly that after his death something of my brother's talents and his spirit came into me. I was artistically minded, I could recite, but before this I couldn't sing a note. Later I suddenly discovered that I could.

I do not claim to have the best voice in the world, but I do claim that I can make anybody listen to me. Give me an audience and I can hold them. This was a gift Daniel had, and somehow, in some inexplicable way, he passed it on to me.

MY mother and another of my brothers died shortly after him. My mother had a hole in her heart — an affliction with which I was born myself — and my second brother, Paul, contracted T.B. of the kidneys when he was in the Army.

As if this grief was not enough, I contracted encephalitis myself, and for three years I could walk only with sticks and in pain.

But I finished my schooling, and my father insisted that I should keep up my study of languages. He said that anyone who could speak several languages was always sure of a living in this world.

I now speak seven: Flemish, French, English, German, Italian, Afrikaans, and Spanish.

When I was 18 a touring French theatrical company was producing a Moliere play in Brussels. A girl who was playing a very small part fell ill, and the producer came to the Conservatoire to find an acting student who could replace her. To his disappointment he could find no one suitable among all the aspiring actresses.

He therefore asked to see the singers. I was in a singing class, because ever since I discovered my voice I have adored singing and never got any kick at all out of acting. However, he felt that I was the one for the part, and this small role led to others.



AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S waxworks in London last November, Donald Campbell had a measuring and modelling session, watched by Tonia. Picture shows a plaster cast being taken from his arm.

I was still acting with the company the following year when I met an English soldier in Brussels. I was 19 and he only a few years older. He was of the Jewish faith and I had been brought up a Roman Catholic.

When he proposed to me I insisted that, if we married, any children we had would have to be brought up as Catholics, and he agreed; although now, while believing as I think all must do in the existence of God, I do not follow any closely defined religion.

We were married in Belgium, then went to England. I was given a part on the stage in London but became pregnant and could not accept it.

My child was born prematurely and lived for only three hours. I never saw her.

For some time before this our marriage had been less and less happy, and while I was still in the clinic my husband decided that the child's body should be cremated. Now cremation is against the tenets of the Catholic faith, and the news that he had ordered this seemed the last blow to our love.

At least, I thought so at the time. Looking back from a more mature age, I think that what really ended our life together was the fact that I considered him a weak man who was not able to control me.

I've always been a wild one, and like all women — to a greater or a lesser degree — I admire a man strong enough to tame me. A man must be a man.

PARADOXICALLY, because my brother Daniel and I were so close, I always seem to see him, or a part of him, some facet of his character, in the men who interest me.

My life has been ruled to some extent by my younger brother. I used to dream about him; and sometimes he gave me advice in my dreams.

For example, when I was lying on my back with encephalitis and it seemed that I might never walk again, I had a recurring dream.

I was walking down a wide, elegant staircase, wearing a tight, tight dress — I who couldn't even walk a step without two sticks.

Suddenly the stairs became ugly. The crystal candelabra became only a dingy lampshade. And I looked tired and ugly from illness.

At that moment, Daniel would appear and take my hand. And then everything became lovely again, and I would sing as never before, so that my heart, my dreams, my whole life took rapturous, wonderful flight.

This dream has come true — except that no one was at the bottom of the stairs. But Daniel was there — in my thoughts, so I wasn't afraid any more.

I did a TV show in Paris, and it was all exactly like the dream. The staircase and balustrade were the same, and I was beautifully made up and wearing a gorgeous, tight-fitting dress. And when I reached the bottom step I began to sing.

The show was so successful that it led to others and was one of the main turning points in my career.

It led, eventually, to my going to London and doing a season at the Savoy.

It was not my first visit to London. I had been there earlier during my first marriage, and once on a previous visit when I was broke after a Cecil Landau show at a London hotel. I went to work at Selfridges, where I sold aprons. I adored this and had great fun with all the girls.

Within three weeks, thanks to being able to speak sev-

eral languages, I was transferred to the export department and was given a rise of £2 a week. This was £2 more than anyone else. I shared a flat with another girl and had a wonderful time.

For this new visit to London I took a Chelsea studio, and on my first night there, before I went to sleep, my thoughts were chasing furiously in my mind. I thought to myself:

"You've not done so badly, Tonia Bern. You're not a failure. After all, to play the Savoy in London, the Nouvelle Eve in Paris, the Open Gate in Rome — and to be booked for the Flamingo in Las Vegas — this is really the big time."

I FELT quite pleased with myself, for I had done it all on my own. Then I fell asleep and in my sleep I saw all these places, all the top nightclubs in the great cities of the world, everything I had worked for through the years.

I was singing on a beautiful stage in a theatre, and everyone was applauding madly. But in the audience one face stood out.

It belonged to Daniel, my dead brother. He was slowly shaking his head, as if to say "No, no." Then I saw two doves fly away from him.

Two days after this dream I met Donald Campbell, and three weeks later we were married.

I cancelled all my contracts, and from then on cheering audiences took second place to Donald.

The two doves were symbolic. One I believe represented my ambitions and the other my dreams. For I have dreamed very little since my marriage to Donald.

With Donald you don't dream. You live.

To see it
is to
fall in love
with it!



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The Outdoor Look in Knitwear



● Superb bulky sweater (above) is knitted to give a bold check effect. The neckline is filled in with a contrasting heavy-rib vest. Design by Sentex and Co., Melbourne. Price £7.

● Casual chic is captured in these knitwear fashions which were among the 1000 entries in the 1963 Australian Wool Bureau Awards. Knitwear, in varying weaves and colors, is a versatile fashion for town, country, and travel.

Continued overleaf



● Slender shift (above) in jersey knit. Interesting fabric texture gives a marled effect. The dress can be worn belted or hanging straight. Design by Sylvia's Knitwear Pty. Ltd., N.S.W. Price £6/19/11.



● Town and country fashion (left), a knitted coat in three-quarter length. The bulky flecked yarn of the coat creates a smart tweed look. The lining is in contrast. Design by Alida, of Rome, Victoria. Price £21.



● Tailored two-piece (right) in jersey knit. The jacket has narrow revers edged in white. The skirt is slender. Design by Melbourne Textile Knitting Company Pty. Ltd., Victoria. Price £12/15/-.

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Wool at ease



● Here is knitwear styled to perfection. In fresh weaves and designs, wool sets new records this autumn-winter.

● This three-piece in jersey-knit won the women's Supreme Award for Vera Fashions Pty. Ltd., Sydney. The outfit was judged "elegant with timeless styling." Price £16/19/6.



● Two-piece in jersey-knit (above). The easy-fit overblouse is finished with welt detailing and tiny self bows. Designed by Exmoor Creations, Victoria. Price £10/19/6.



● Slim dress in embossed jersey (left) has a high-to-the-throat neckline and magyar sleeves. The defined waistline has a leather contour belt. Design by John J. Hilton, Sydney. Price 14gns.

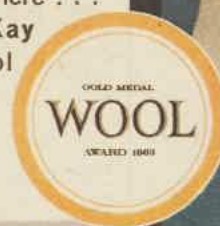


● Grey and tan are combined in the three-piece suit (right). The material is double-knit jersey. Design by Brotex Manufacturing Co., Melbourne. Price 21 gns. The matching reversible scarf £3/15/- extra.

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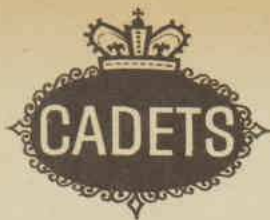
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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

She won her jackeroo

I WONDER how many people have met their future husbands or wives through a misunderstanding as I did? On a working holiday in Brisbane with another New Zealand girl, we applied for positions as governesses on sheep stations. The employment agency described the places and added, "There are several jackeroos at Station A and none at Station B." We decided that jackeroos must be aborigines — probably wild and carrying spears. Being the bolder, I decided to brave Station A — and married one of the jackeroos.

£1/1/- to "Jilleroo" (name supplied), Taumarunui, N.Z.

She wants to PUT ON weight

MY grievance is that plump people get all the help. All diet charts you see are drawn up to help them reduce. But what about thin people? I am in my early fifties, 5ft. 4in. in height, and I have never weighed more than eight stone. I just cannot put on weight. Some years ago I had hepatitis, so I cannot eat cream, milk, or chocolate. I would be most grateful if anyone would give me a diet to help put on weight.

£1/1/- to "M.H." (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

Valet to her husband

HOW many wives clean their husband's shoes! I do. I also lay out his clothes for him. This gives him time to have leisurely meals and saves him driving off to work or meetings in a hurry, which can be risky and dangerous.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Holsworth, Caulfield, Vic.

Can't resist a bargain

DO other men's wives collect as much rubbish in the way of consumer goods as mine does? Stale biscuits, uneatable things in tins, and miles of grease-proof wrapping paper are a few examples. And when I remark on the unpalatable quality of the latest "find," my madly illogical, bargain-susceptible wife consoles me with, "But, dear, it was a 'special'."

£1/1/- to "Mr. R." (name supplied), Bunbury, W.A.

He's the image of . . .

WHEN our first child was born, my mother, mother-in-law, and father-in-law argued over the child's likeness to different relatives. According to them, he is the image of everyone in each family for two generations. Now, my husband and I are not game to remark on his likeness to anyone. The problem is getting out of hand.

£1/1/- to "Fed Up" (name supplied), Adelaide.

Baby tea addicts

"ANNABELLA" (Vic.) wonders if her nine-month-old nephew is unusual in his taste for drinking black tea. It is unusual, but not uncommon. I have a friend with a boy of eight months who likes black coffee. I feel the reason for children acquiring such tastes is that they are still at the experimental stage and copy what other members of the family do.

£1/1/- to "Young Mother" (name supplied), St. Marys, Tas.

YES, "Annabella," I certainly do think that it is a most unusual taste in a baby so young. But then I don't know any other parents who have offered black tea to a baby so young!

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary Coulstock, Ashfield, N.S.W.

MY daughter got into the habit of drinking black tea at four months by sitting on my knee while I was having a cup. In fact, after that, I could not get her to drink milk at all. At six months she threw the bottle in the fire — and has never had a bottle since. Even now, at the age of three, she prefers everything without milk.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. A. Valentine, Mintaro, S.A.

I THINK "Annabella's" nephew is quite typical in his unusual taste for black tea. A baby of nine months will eat even beetles when given the chance. I think the person who first offered him black tea showed unusually bad taste. There is no food value in tea.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Camilleri, Mackay, Qld.

MY son, who is now six, started drinking black tea at two months, when we discovered it was good for his wind, and ever since then he has been drinking it, as well as black coffee. In fact, once when he had a serious illness, the doctor advised us to give him black tea for a couple of days. However, he will willingly drink milk on its own.

£1/1/- to "Tea Drinker" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

YOU sometimes hear surprising bits of news when you turn on the radio.

For example, I once heard: "Woman painter says Mona Lisa was a man." The other day a news-reader said: "South Vietnam has banned sad songs of unrequited love because they lower the morale of the public."

I began thinking about this and wondering if the ban was a good idea.

Without a doubt many popular songs are sad. Soon after this news flash the station broadcast a number called "Without a Shoulder to Cry On."

It was sung by a young fellow who was upset because girls wouldn't let him cry on their shoulders. They gave him the cold shoulder instead.

You couldn't blame the girls. He was not exactly showing them a good time.

I think it was Johnnie Ray who first turned on the vocal water-works. You remember how he advised us to put our heads down and have a good cry?

At least Johnnie threw himself

DOWN IN THE DUMPS

into his job. He really enjoyed being miserable. Some of the later singers on the boulevard of broken dreams don't seem to have their heart in it.

The question I have raised is, do sad songs make the people who hear them feel downcast? Is the South Vietnam Government right in banning them?

I don't think so.



For one thing, sad singers do not cry over matters that would make us really sorry for them. They haven't had a death in the family, or lost their jobs, or got some painful disease.

Their worry is always the same

—a girl-friend (or boy-friend) has stopped showing affection.

This is an unhappy experience for the person concerned. But it usually leaves the public unmoved.

When someone has lost her little darlin' to the "Tennessee Waltz," we do not feel genuine distress about it.

Actually, it somehow cheers you up to hear singers complaining about their romantic woes. The chap who is dancing with tears in his eyes and the girl who is left alone at the record hop — they are both in show business, after all. They are there to entertain us.

Sometimes I wonder how the composers of sad songs get into a properly wretched state of mind. Many of them are contented family men, making pots of money.

Perhaps the composer stands out in the rain for a while, saying over and over to himself: "You're miserable, understand! Lonely and miserable!"

Suddenly he shouts, "I've got it!" and rushes inside. Sitting down at the piano, he wails: "My little pet has le-e-e-ft me in the wet . . ."

After that it is just a matter of crying all the way to the bank.

For always

For Sam Sprague this was
a crisis in his well-run
bachelor existence . . .
A short short story

By MARY
JANE WALDO



SAM SPRAGUE was installing the Nina and the Pinta on the wall of his room. He had found these model ships in the local salvage store.

He had taken them tenderly home, repaired their rigging, straightened their dents, and sprayed them black—for their original colors, battered by fierce unknown storms, were past restoration. With brackets fitted to their sides they now sailed spectacularly in a pool of light on the wall.

Frances would be impressed. He must have her over to see them. But it would be better to give a party, for she showed a strange reluctance to come here any more unless a crowd was present. The doorbell rang. That would be Mrs. Houligard, the landlady, wanting the rent. He shouted, "Come in!" and she did.

"What do you think of that?" asked Sam, indicating the little ships.

"They look real nice," she said. "Too bad." "What do you mean, too bad?" Sam asked. "I practically used a needle to drill those screw holes. The plaster will never know the difference."

"I don't mean that," said Mrs. Houligard. "I just mean you'll have to take them down when you move."

"I may be an old man by then," said Sam.

"The house is sold," said Mrs. Houligard in the voice of doom.

Sam did a frantic mental pawing through the intricacies of his lease, remembered the fatal clause and came out with one of the desperate trivialities that began to crowd his mind: "But my rug is cut to fit the hearth!"

Mrs. Houligard shrugged. "Maybe they'll buy the rug, too," she suggested, not unkindly.

"I've lived here nine years, Mrs. Houligard," Sam said. "This is my home. I love this place."

She raised a hand toward him, let it fall again to her side. "I would of rather you had it," she said. "I offered it to you many's the time. You didn't want to buy it."

It was true enough. There was in Sam Sprague something that shrank from a dotted line, evaded the dull inevitability of objects owned, taxes due, the struggle against worm and rust. There was something in him that took silent flight and hid among green, temporary rushes and reeds . . .

"But what was wrong with our arrangement?" he cried. "I take good care—"

"You take wonderful care," she agreed, pleading her scarf. "But suppose you decide to take off some day, single fellow like you are, and I have to put up with a different class of tenant?"

With that she left him staring at the walls of the living-room, those walls owned even now by strangers.

When thoughts of this nature grew alarmingly morbid, he dialled Frances' telephone number. At the sound of her voice he began to exude a false nonchalance.

"I have to be out of here by the first," he said. "I thought you'd like to help me find something else."

"That's terrible, Sam," she said. "Come on over and we'll talk. Willy's already in bed."

Frances was a widow and Willy was her little boy. She was thirty-two, a year younger than Sam; she was a tall, fair, generous girl, with warm brown eyes and a safe, solid career of her own. He felt in her presence a certain fearful peace, fearful because it was the sort of thing to which a free man might become addicted.

She fixed him a drink and sat down at a friendly distance. "I know a little about how you feel," she said,

"because I'm thinking about moving myself. And it's a dreadful thought. All the stuff I've collected for years. Trying to fit the draperies to different windows."

She didn't understand at all. "I don't mind any of that," Sam said. "I just don't want to leave my house. I'm attached to it."

She blinked. "A rented house?" He felt belligerent. "Why can't I be fond of a rented house?"

"No reason, I guess," she admitted. "Except if you're so fond of it, why did you stand around and let somebody else buy it?"

"Suppose I got transferred?" Sam asked.

She laughed. "After nine years? Come off it, Sam." He was a little tired of discussing, first with Mrs. Houligard and now with Frances, this complex subject. And why was Frances thinking of moving? He had her established in his mind as a steady, reliable female, unswayed by whim and fancy.

"What do you want to move for?" he inquired. "It's not good for Willy to drag him out of school like that."

"I just said I was thinking about it," said Frances. "And Willy would have certain other advantages if I do. Like a father."

"Like a—what?" Sam gasped.

"Howie asked me to marry him," said Frances.

"It would be indecent to marry poor old Howie," he said, "since you haven't a nickel's worth of feeling for him." He said this tersely and crisply, in an objective way.

"Why are you crying?" he asked Frances.

"Just be quiet!" Frances cried. "If you'll only be quiet! How do you know what I feel about Howie? How would you know how I feel about anything? If you want to know, I admire Howie. I respect him. He doesn't see life as a — one long barbecue. He doesn't feel like a guest on earth. He feels as if he lives here."

With these profound statements of faith, which should have bolstered her dignity, she now fell completely apart, and sat down on the rug in an abject attitude that Sam could only classify to himself as in an abandonment of weeping.

He felt the most amazing compulsion to sit beside her and hold her in his arms. The feeling was so compelling that he got up and walked around. Perhaps she would rather be alone with whatever was grieving her. He should go home.

But then he thought: "Home? I have no home any more. I never did have one. Only a tent, a flimsy canvas that any vagrant wind could blow down. And I do want a home. But not at poor old Howie's expense."

He gave Frances a few brotherly shoulder pats, and she dried her eyes and got up off the floor and gave him his hat. He was clear down the hall, and had rung for the elevator before he realised that never at any time had she said she loved Howie. He turned and ran back up the corridor, hurrying, hurrying, terribly conscious of the passage of time and the necessity for haste. He longed to pledge pledges, to take oaths, to set his signature on any number of documents that might be necessary to afford him sanctuary from the silent emptiness with which he suddenly knew himself surrounded.

He was most grateful to find that Frances had not yet locked her door. He kept thinking of a lovely, original word to say to her. The word was "always."

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LAYETTE PATTERNS

A set of simple, practical patterns for a baby's first layette is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. The set—price 3/6 post free—includes two nightgowns, two dresses, petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying coat, sunsuit, flannel pilchers, and bonnet.

"I can hear that," said Marco. "I recognise accents and phrases I have not heard since I was a small child. I was born and raised in Corsicana, in the State of Texas."

"Now tell me your trouble, Marco Paoli, and how I may serve you," said Beveraggi, becoming practical.

"I am trying to find a young lady named Mary Smith, who comes from Los Angeles, in California. She was a passenger on the bus from Rome. I followed on a scooter which I rented in Paris to tour Europe. I was to have lunch with her in San Remo today, but I had a breakdown and was some hours late."

"On arrival at Nice, the driver tells me, the young lady waited one hour for me at the bus stop before going off to her hotel. There are hundreds of hotels in Nice and I do not know which one..."

Continuing . . . SEARCH FOR MARY SMITH

from page 23

"Calm yourself, Marco Paoli," said Beveraggi soothingly, "and all will be well. Drink a glass of good Corsican wine while I go to the telephone."

Calling for a bottle of Corsican wine, Marco drank a glass and felt himself relax somewhat. "Within fifteen minutes from now," said Beveraggi when he returned to the table, "hundreds of good Corsicans in Nice will know that the great-grand-nephew of Pasquale Paoli seeks Miss Mary Smith, of Los Angeles, California. I promise you that she shall not escape."

"You must understand, Marco Paoli, that there are many points of similarity between the Irish in

America and the Corsicans in France. Start by looking at the map. Ireland and Corsica are both islands. Indeed, they are not dissimilar in shape."

"The Irish and the Corsicans have lived for many centuries under foreign domination. They are both turbulent, rebellious people who love their grievances dearly — both the real and the imagined. In their homelands they are both poor. There are, as a consequence, more Irish people out of Ireland than there are in Ireland, and I venture there are more Corsicans in France than in Corsica."

"Here in France we Corsicans have become policemen; custom officers, postal officials . . . glad, after the poverty of our native land, to have regular employment at fair wages, for we have known over the centuries what it is to be hungry."

"Now you, Marco Paoli, are back among your own people, a tight, close-knit minority, and before long you will learn what it is to bear your honored name. Our vendettas prove that we are bad enemies, and you will see for yourself that we are good friends, also. Now, while I ask you a few questions, drink more of that good red wine. It will put heart into you."

Marco drank and tried to relax from the torrent of words.

"Tell me," began Beveraggi, "what is she like, this Mary Smith?"

"She is about twenty-one years old, tall, with soft, brown hair, and eyes the color of cornflowers . . ."

"Ah!" said the other. "May I ask the nature of your interest in Mary Smith?"

"I love her, Monsieur Beveraggi, and I wish to marry her. I should have thought that was evident."

"To a detective, my friend, nothing is evident . . . not until it has been made evident. Tell me, how long have you known her?"

"For five days," replied Marco, "since Monday afternoon at ten minutes to four."

"And does Mary Smith reciprocate this love?"

"I do not know. It was my intention to ask her this evening."

"Forgive me making the observation," said the detective, "but for a Corsican and an American, too, you have made slow progress. My impression, at the time of the Liberation here, was that Americans were a trifle impatient in matters of the heart. Would it be an impertinence to ask where and how you met?"

"In Rome, at the Spanish Steps. I helped her to put a film in her camera."

"From a desire, doubtless, to be of some small service to a compatriot in distress?"

"Something like that," replied Marco. "Anyway, we had dinner together and . . . well, ever since then we have spent as much time together as possible."

"Tell me, my friend," said Beveraggi, "what did you eat for dinner?"

MARCO asked, "Is that important?"

"Perhaps. Who knows? To a detective all things are important until they have proved unimportant."

"Well, we had a bowl of spaghetti with tomato sauce, some red wine, and some fruit."

"Excellent, my friend! Evidently you believe that when in Rome one should do as the Romans. Now that was Monday. When did you next see Mary Smith?"

"At eight o'clock the next morning . . . Tuesday. That was when the bus left for Orvieto. I followed the bus on my scooter. We had lunch together in Orvieto."

"And what did you eat for lunch?"

"Monsieur Beveraggi . . ."

"Please do not be so formal, Marco. Call me Augusto."

"Augusto," said Marco, "what possible bearing can what we ate for lunch have upon the finding of Mary Smith tonight?"

"I do not know, Marco," replied the detective. "It might be vastly important or it might have no bearing at all. Evidence has no value until it has been weighed and assessed."

"Very well," said Marco, "if you must know, we ate spaghetti with tomato sauce, some cheese, fruit . . . with a bottle of red wine."

"Doubtless the red wine of Orvieto, which, although not so well known as the white, has many good qualities. Excellent! A simple, nourishing meal, if I may say so. And after lunch?"

"The bus went on to Siena and I followed. We stopped the night at Siena — a most interesting old town. We dined at a little restaurant which was like a hole in the wall."

"And the menu? Remember that I do not ask from idle curiosity, but because experience has taught me the importance of such apparent trifles."

"Well, if you must have it, we ate spaghetti . . . but with a different kind of sauce, some cheese, fruit, and a bottle of red wine," Marco told the detective.

"And, I suppose, you then went to your respective hotels?"

"No, in Siena we stayed at the same hotel."

"Ah! That suggests some little progress, Marco."

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THE CHINA GOVERNESS

Turk Street's secrets are revealed — fourth part of our serial

By MARGERY ALLINGHAM

IN a district once known as the wickedest part of London, The Turk Street Mile, new flats have been completed and COUNCILLOR CORNISH has taken pride in selecting the occupants. Old LEN LUCEY, his wife, and a boarder return one night to find their flat broken into and their possessions violently destroyed. The shock is so great Mrs. Lucey dies just as SUPERINTENDENT CHARLES LUKE arrives.

Meanwhile in another part of London, TIMOTHY KINNIT has been shocked to find he is not a nephew to EUSTACE and his sister ALISON KINNIT, but was adopted by them and "nannied" by MRS. BROOME after being left as a baby at their Suffolk mansion at the beginning of the war by an evacuee from Turk Street. His engagement to heiress JULIA LAURELL is threatened by this. BASIL TOBERMAN, a protégé of the Kinnits', delights in this news and also spreads the tale that Tim is responsible for the death of MISS SAXON, a governess employed by GERALDINE TELPHER, a niece of the Kinnits', who is staying with them while her child is in hospital.

Julia has asked MR. ALBERT CAMPION, an amateur crime investigator, to help them trace Tim's parentage, and he has been co-operating with Luke as the connection of the Turk Street background has emerged. Tim, at the suggestion of a cobbler, has been to see Cornish after trying to get information from the STALKEY brothers, a second-rate firm of private detectives. Returning home, he talks to Eustace, who says Basil must stop talking about Miss Saxon's death, as there has been enough scandal about such employees when in 1849 a Kinnit governess was tried for murder but acquitted.

Shortly after Tim is taken away by police investigating a fire at the Stalkey office. Eustace asks Mr. Campion and Luke to call, and shortly after MISS FLAVIA AICHESON, a friend of Alison's, returns to the house with Cornish, who has helped to clear Tim at the police station. Then Julia leaves with Cornish, going as far as the old Turk Street area with him. She later enters the cobbler's shop and is startled to hear the name BASIL KINNIT spoken when she knows there is no one by that name. NOW READ ON:



"That's a large whisky, isn't it?" Nanny Broome said to Julia, as Mrs. Telpher passed them.

COUNCILLOR CORNISH'S request for an immediate interview was so unexpected that Superintendent Luke went out of his way to grant it at once and saw his caller in one of the private interrogation rooms.

They had been talking for some minutes and Luke sat prodding the blotting-paper in front of him with a long-suffering pen. Councillor Cornish sat back in his chair opposite, his feet together, his hands folded in his lap and his head bowed in the traditional way of resignation. It was not a conscious pose. Luke had been watching him and had decided the man was genuine.

"We shall have to check each point," Luke said. "You know that, don't you?"

"I suppose so. Go as easy as you can with us all," was his only request.

Luke offered him a cigarette. "Don't worry about that, sir. We're not quite as hamfisted as we're said to be. At least we try. Well now, you've spent three hours with this boy and you think he could be yours. Is that your first point?"

"Not quite. I should like to think he was mine. That's the danger. But whether he is or not isn't my reason for visiting you."

Luke nodded. "I appreciate that. You're merely going on his history as you know it, plus certain likenesses?"

"Yes."

"And you'd never heard that history—in regard to your Timothy Kinnit, that is—until today, when it was told you by Miss Flavia Aicheson while she was persuading you to give evidence on his behalf? You don't think she realised that the history might have some significance for you?"

"Oh, no. She merely wanted me to tell the police that he had visited me yesterday evening."

"And he had?"

"Yes."

"Do you know why?"

"I didn't know at the time, and this afternoon when he gave me an explanation I didn't believe him, but now since a certain idea has occurred to me I think I do. He told me that the cobbler in Carroway Street had sent him to me."

"And in view of the likeness between you, you think the cobbler might have done so?"

Cornish smiled. "You're very shrewd, Superintendent," he said, relaxing. "Tommy Tray was mending shoes in that same shop when I first came to Ebbfield. He'd lost both legs on the Somme in World War I, and when I

first knew him I was about the age which Timothy is now. My first wife and I used the newsagent half of his shop, which was and is run by his sister, as an accommodation address for our letters.

"My wife lived actually in Turk Street with her only relative, an aunt who was an illiterate, suspicious old woman whom we never trusted not to give us away, so we used the shop very frequently, and often went there. I imagine that when Timothy went in recently, asking questions, old Tray noticed something about him which made him send him along to me. It's the sort of thing he would do."

"Your first wife?" Luke murmured, his pen resting on a note he had made. "Excuse me, sir. Were you in fact married to her?"

"Yes."

"It can be proved, can it? Forgive me, but it's as well to get everything quite clear as we go along."

"I know. I realise, too, that there is a gap in all the Ebbfield records of about that time, but although Somerset House, even, may not have the details, I can say that I have reason to believe that at least one copy of the marriage certificate is in existence."

"Good," Luke said, making the comment non-committal. "I have this straight now, then. One year before World War II, at the time of the famous Munich crisis, when war almost broke out, you were in Ebbfield finishing your apprenticeship to the small tool-making firm of Boxer and Coombe, which you now own."

"My present wife and I own it in equal shares. She was a Miss Boxer, her mother was a Miss Coombe."

"Ah, yes. I see," Luke's pen was busy again. "In autumn '38—that is at the time of the Munich agreement—you were a member of the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve and you were called up and drafted to a training camp in Yorkshire. Is that when you married your first wife?"

"No. We married in the first week of July of that year. In a dusty church in Saracen's Square. I don't suppose you've ever heard of the place. It's all gone now. We turned up very early on the Friday morning just before my summer holidays and we had two witnesses out of the street, a sweep and a milkman. The parson had read the banns every Sunday for three weeks, but as he had no congregation no one who knew of us heard him and we got clean away with it without anyone knowing."

"Why did you have to keep it a secret?" Luke asked.

"The terms of my apprenticeship!" Even at this distance he seemed to find them vitally important. "Old Fred

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MENUS FOR EASTER

FRIDAY

FOR this menu, the Choc-Apple Pie can be prepared the day before—it's all the better for being refrigerated overnight to blend the flavors.

HOT CROSS BUNS

These are traditional for Easter breakfast. Buy them or make them yourself and serve them sugar-glazed, piping-hot.

To heat the buns so they are on the table oven-fresh, brush with milk, wrap in foil, and heat in hot oven about 10 minutes. Or put them into paper bag, sprinkle bag very lightly with water, and seal tightly. Heat as above.

SAVORY SCRAMBLED EGGS

Two tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 8 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cream, anchovy toast.

Cook shallots in butter 5 minutes, stir in curry powder; cover, cook 3 minutes. Beat eggs with salt and cream. Pour into shallots, scramble over low heat in usual way until just set. Serve on anchovy toast.

GRILLED FLOUNDER

One packet quick-frozen flounder or sole fillets, flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon oil, lemon wedges, paprika, salt, pepper.

Season fillets, roll in flour, dip in egg which has been beaten with oil. Lightly grease grill-rack, cook fish under moderate heat on each side until golden. Place fish on hot serving-plate, pour over Wine Butter Sauce, garnish with lemon wedges, edges of which have been dipped in paprika.

Wine Butter Sauce: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots, 4oz. sliced mushrooms, $\frac{1}{4}$ clove garlic, 2 tablespoons dry white wine.

Simmer shallots, mushrooms, garlic in butter 10 minutes; remove garlic, add wine.

CHOC-APPLE PIE

Pastry: Three cups flour, 8oz. butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 4 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons lemon juice or sherry.

Filling: Seven cups peeled, cored, sliced apples (or use 2 large cans pie apples), 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, few cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnuts or $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ginger.

BREAKFAST

Hot Cross Buns

Savory Scrambled Eggs

Fresh Fruit

DINNER

Grilled Flounder with Wine Sauce

Choc-Apple Pie

Cheese

Mocha Meringues

Topping: Half pint cream, 3oz. dark chocolate.

Sift flour, cut in butter, and blend in sugar, egg-yolks, lemon juice or sherry. Stir until mixture holds together. Divide dough in two, one a little larger than the other. Roll largest section to fit a 9in. or 10in. dish. Fill with sliced apples mixed with sugar, cinnamon, and cloves, sprinkling each layer with chopped walnuts or ginger. Roll out remaining pastry to cover top, pinch edges to seal, score in several places. Bake in moderately hot oven 45 minutes or until top is nicely brown; cool.

Topping: Whip cream, gradually beat in chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Spread over top of pie; chill.

MOCHA MERINGUES

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 2oz. dark chocolate, whipped cream.

Beat egg-whites until really stiff, add 1 tablespoon castor sugar, beat well until meringue stands again in stiff peaks. Lightly fold in remaining castor sugar and coffee. With $\frac{1}{4}$ in. plain round pipe, pipe mixture on to lightly oiled and flour-dusted tray. Bake in very cool oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. If meringues start to tinge with brown, open oven door slightly while cooking continues. Remove from tray, cool on cake-rack. Melt chocolate over hot water, carefully dip top of each meringue into melted chocolate. Just before serving, whip cream and with it sandwich 2 meringues together. Serve in small individual paper cases.

GRILLED FLOUNDER, Choc-Apple Pie, and cheese for Friday's dinner.



SATURDAY

CHICKEN in a Golden Coach looks delicious—and is. After serving it, break off and serve pieces of the hot crisp loaf—each butters his own crusty piece.

BACON-BURGERS

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon, tomato slices, extra finely chopped parsley, creamy mashed potatoes, oil for frying.

Combine minced steak, salt, dessertspoon parsley, and soy sauce, blend well. Remove rind from bacon, cut long pieces in half. Take 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. scone-cutter, line it inside with bacon slices (about 1 long rasher); fill inside of bacon with meat mixture. Remove scone-cutter, secure bacon with cocktail sticks. Lift with spatula, fry in hot oil until burgers are done. Top with tomato slice, place under grill for a few minutes to cook tomato; sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve. For special burgers, pipe mashed potato round edge of tomato, brush with milk; grill few minutes until potato is golden tipped.

HOT DEVILLED CHEESE ROLLS

Four ounces butter, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 4-6 bread rolls.

Cream butter, beat in remaining ingredients. Cut rolls from top down to bottom crust in 4 places, but do not cut through bottom crust. Spread filling liberally between cuts. Wrap rolls individually in aluminium foil, put into hot oven approximately 15 to 20 minutes.

CHICKEN IN A GOLDEN COACH, Mimosa Salad, Coffee-snaps with ice-cream on Saturday.

LUNCH

Chilled Orange Juice

Bacon-Burgers

Hot Devilled Cheese Rolls

DINNER

Chicken in a Golden Coach

Mimosa Salad

Coffee-Snaps with Ice-Cream

CHICKEN IN A GOLDEN COACH

Two chickens about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika; 1 round- or oval-shaped bread loaf; oil for frying, tomato wedges, butter.

Cut chicken into serving pieces, toss in mixture of flour, salt, pepper, and paprika. Drop pieces into deep, hot oil and fry until golden brown and cooked through.

Cut thin slice, about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. deep, from top of bread loaf, scoop out bread, lightly butter inside of loaf and brush outside lightly with water; wrap tightly in foil, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

To serve, pile chicken pieces into the golden loaf; garnish with tomato wedges.

MIMOSA SALAD

Dressing: Quarter cup salad oil, 1 dessertspoon wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ clove garlic (finely crushed), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper; salad greens, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks.

Combine oil, vinegar, garlic, salt, pepper in jar. Screw lid tightly and shake vigorously. Arrange crisp salad greens (lettuce, endive, young green spinach) in salad bowl, add dressing, and toss well. Sprinkle salad top with sieved egg-yolks.

Coffee-snaps recipe overleaf

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 3, 1963



● These menus have been planned to help provide wonderful food for each Easter day with the minimum amount of time and preparation. Simple to prepare, many of the dishes can be cooked on the previous day.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA

HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

SUNDAY

IN this menu the tomato soup is served chilled. However, if the weather is cold, serve it piping-hot, top with a spoonful of sour cream, and sprinkle with chives.

SHERRIED KIDNEYS

One pound veal kidney, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ dessertspoons flour, ½ cup stock or water, 1 tablespoon sherry, ¼ pint cream, salt, pepper; 4 slices bread cut ¼ in. thick, 2oz. butter, pinch saffron.

Remove fat from kidney, cut into slices. Heat butter, add kidney, brown evenly; season. Sprinkle flour over, stir until well blended. Add stock, wine, and cream gradually while stirring. Cook over low heat 10 to 15 minutes. Serve at once on hot Saffron Bread.

Saffron Bread: Melt 2oz. butter in pan, add saffron; brown bread well on each side.

ORANGE PIKELETS

One cup milk, juice ½ lemon, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 orange, butter, marmalade.

Combine milk and lemon juice, stand aside in warm place to sour. Combine egg-yolks and 1 tablespoon of sugar, beat well. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Combine with egg-yolk mixture and fold in sifted flour and salt, sour milk, juice and rind of orange. Mix to smooth batter. Heat heavy pan or fry-pan, grease lightly. Spoon batter on, cook until bubbles appear on top of pikelets. Turn, cook other side. Serve with butter and marmalade.

CURRIED TOMATO SOUP

One can condensed tomato soup, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives.

Prepare soup as directed on can, adding curry powder with water or milk; fold in half the chives; chill. When ready to serve, spoon into prepared grapefruit shells, top with chives.

Grapefruit Shells: Cut 2 grapefruit in halves, remove pulp; scallop or serrate edges. Reserve pulp for next day's breakfast.

LUNCH

*Sherried Kidneys on Saffron Bread
Orange Pikelets Fresh Fruit*

DINNER

*Curried Tomato Soup in Grapefruit Shells
Pork Scallopine Golden Potato Puffs
Chocolate Roll with Apricot-Cream*

PORK SCALLOPINE

One and a half pounds pork fillets (cut thin), ½ cup flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon salad oil, ½ cup sherry, ½ cup water (or use 1 cup chicken broth instead of sherry and water), ½ cup chopped green shallots, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each rosemary, thyme, oregano, ½ lb. mushrooms; finely chopped parsley.

Pound meat slices thinly. Dredge in flour, brown quickly in hot butter and oil. Stir in sherry and water. Add all other ingredients except mushrooms; cover, cook over low heat 30 minutes, adding a little more liquid if necessary. Add sliced mushrooms, cook 15 minutes. Serve sprinkled with parsley.

GOLDEN POTATO PUFFS

One pound freshly boiled potatoes, butter, milk, salt; ½ cup water, 2oz. butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup flour, 2 eggs, oil.

Mash potatoes with milk and butter to creamy consistency. Bring to boil the water, butter, and salt, add flour all at once; cook over low heat, beating briskly until ingredients are thoroughly combined and mixture leaves sides of pan and forms a ball. Remove from heat, beat in eggs 1 at a time. Beat in mashed potato; cool. Take teaspoonfuls of mixture, shape into balls, drop into hot oil, turning when underside is golden.

Chocolate roll recipe overleaf

SHERRIED KIDNEYS on Saffron Bread, Orange Pikelets, fresh fruit.



MONDAY

LIGHT - AS - A - FEATHER Australian Meat Patties can be cooked days before needed, then cooled, wrapped in foil, and deep-frozen until needed. Then reheat in sauce in casserole as directed in recipe.

SNOW-FROSTED PINEAPPLE JUICE

Canned pineapple juice, 1 egg-white, sugar, pineapple ice-blocks or strawberries, mint sprigs.

Dip edges of glasses in slightly beaten egg-white, then in sugar to frost. Fill with chilled pineapple juice. Add ice-blocks into which a pineapple piece has been frozen; or for each glass cut 2 strawberries lengthwise to stem and hang over edge of glass. Add a mint sprig.

HOT HONEYED GRAPEFRUIT

Grapefruit sections, melted butter, 1½ tablespoons honey, cinnamon or nutmeg.

Place grapefruit sections on griller, brush with melted butter, drizzle honey over, dust with cinnamon or nutmeg; grill until heated through. Spoon into small serving-bowls, serve hot with cereal.

WAFFLES WITH ICE-CREAM AND CARAMEL SAUCE

One packet quick-frozen waffles, ice-cream, Caramel Sauce. Toast waffles as directed on packet, top with scoop of ice-cream, pour over hot Caramel Sauce.

Caramel Sauce: Quarter cup butter, ½ cup evaporated milk, 1½ cups brown sugar.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, simmer 5 minutes or until thickened, stirring occasionally.

AUSTRIAN MEAT PATTIES

One and a half pounds minced steak (lean), 1 dessertspoon softened butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 3 slices stale bread, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon

PINEAPPLE JUICE, cereal with hot grapefruit, and waffles with sauce, ice-cream for breakfast.

BREAKFAST

*Snow-Frosted Pineapple Juice
Cereal with Hot Honeyed Grapefruit
Hot Waffles with Ice-Cream and Caramel Sauce*

DINNER

*Austrian Meat Patties
Green Peas with Tomato
Creamed Potatoes
Peaches in Sherry Cream
Almond Biscuits*

All recipes in this feature will serve 4 to 6 persons, with the exception of the Chocolate Roll, Choc-Apple Pie, Almond Biscuits, and Mocha Meringues, which will provide second helpings.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measure are used throughout.

flour, 2 cups chicken broth (or use packaged soup), 1½ teaspoons soy sauce; extra butter or substitute for frying.

Add to minced steak the butter, salt, and parsley. Soak bread in water to cover, squeeze nearly dry, tear up, and blend with meat mixture, together with egg-yolks. Whip egg-whites until stiff, fold in carefully. Form mixture into oval-shaped patties, saute in extra butter until browned on each side. Transfer to casserole. Add flour to same pan, brown slightly. Stir in chicken broth and soy sauce, bring to boil, stirring. Pour over patties, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

GREEN PEAS WITH TOMATO

One and a half pounds young green peas, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tomato, 1 small green pepper, ½ teaspoon salt.

Shell peas, put into saucepan with butter. Peel tomato, remove seeds, and dice; chop pepper finely. Add to peas with salt; cover. Simmer slowly until tender.

Peaches in Sherry Cream and Almond Biscuits recipes are given overleaf



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**HANSEN'S
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TABLETS**



BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

SMALL COFFEE TABLE

● Mrs. A. Hilton, of Malvern, Victoria, has sent in an ingenious idea for an oval coffee table which uses every scrap of timber.

IT is made from a rectangular piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. plywood 3ft. by 2ft. Any timber can be used, provided it is not too hard or too thick.

First, make a full-sized pattern of the oval top from a sheet of brown paper. The distance between the oval and the edge of the plywood at each end is 2 inches — at each side, 1 inch.

Then trace the oval on to the plywood. When you have cut out the oval shape from the timber, cut the piece of wood that is left at the two narrow sides (see diag. 1). These left-over pieces are crossed to make the legs.

Make a join by cutting out a slice $\frac{1}{4}$ inch by 1 inch long so the legs can lock at right-angles (see diag. 3). The height of the table can be adjusted to the required height by cutting down the legs. Glue the legs to the bottom of the table as shown in diag. 1.

File the $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch side of the table and cover with veneer stripping (available at hardware stores) to make the top appear as if it has been made from solid timber.

The table top can be varnished, covered with contact adhesive, or tiled with small ceramic tiles.

HESSIAN COVERS CRACKED PLASTER

Cracks and chips in plastered walls are difficult for the handyman to repair and tradesmen employed to re-plaster the area can be expensive.

Many homemakers have solved the problem neatly by covering the walls with hessian.

This material can be painted and disguises slight unevenness in the wall surface as well as giving textural interest.

Lightweight hessian 72in. wide is available in most hardware stores and costs only a few shillings a yard.

Repair cracks and chips in the plaster by scraping out a channel about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide or enlarge the chip to at least the size of a halfpenny.

Press ordinary cotton gauze into the crack with the fresh plaster to bind it and trowel it to a smooth finish.

Size the wall before hanging the hessian.

Cover both the wall and the fabric with wallpaper paste. The hessian should be



soaked through with the paste and it takes two people to handle it, as it is so heavy.

Hessian is too thick to overlap at the edges, so take care to press edges down

firmly and butt them neatly.

Use conventional interior paints on this surface, but remember that due to the heavy porosity of hessian you will need a greater

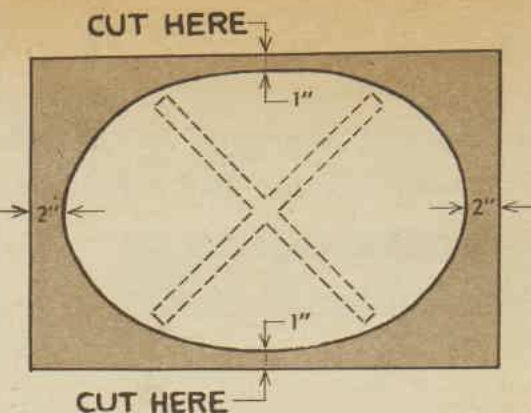
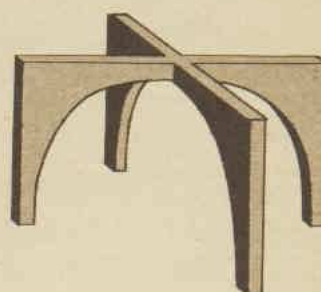


DIAGRAM 1 (above) shows the position of table legs and where to cut left-over timber. DIAGRAM 2 shows finished table and DIAGRAM 3 shows the table legs glued at right-angles to each other.



MENUS FOR EASTER

Continued from previous page

SATURDAY

COFFEE-SNAPS

One-third cup brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1-3rd cup flour, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped shredded coconut, whipped cream, extra coconut, glace cherries or walnut halves, ice-cream.

Cream butter, gradually add sugar, beating until light. Beat in egg, syrup, and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture, mixing thoroughly; mix in coconut. Drop from tip of spoon, well apart, on greased baking-sheet. With back of spoon or spatula spread each thinly, making $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. circle. Bake in moderate oven about 6 minutes; cool. Take tray of ice-cream and with a 2 in. or 3 in. sconecutter cut out ice-cream circles. Carefully lift these with spatula and place 1 ice-cream circle on top of a Coffee-snap; top with another Coffee-snap. Top with spoonful of whipped cream, sprinkle with chopped coconut, decorate with half glace cherry or half walnut. Serve at once.

SUNDAY

CHOCOLATE ROLL

Five eggs, 1 cup icing-sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ table-spoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add sifted dry ingredients, beat until well blended. Add vanilla, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spread in greased, paper-lined Swiss-roll-tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn out on towel or paper sprinkled with sugar,

roll up. When quite cold, unroll, spread with filling, roll again.

Apricot-cream Cheese Filling: Half pound cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 small can apricots.

Combine cream cheese, sugar, and cream, beat until softened. Spread over cake. Top with well-drained chopped apricots.

MONDAY

PEACHES IN SHERRY CREAM

One large can peach slices, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 1-3rd cup sherry (or peach syrup), $\frac{1}{4}$ pint cream, nutmeg or chopped nuts.

Chill peaches. Beat egg-yolks and salt until very thick; add sugar gradually, beating continuously. Beat in sherry. Whip cream until stiff (reserve $\frac{1}{4}$ cup whipped cream), fold into yolk mixture. Drain peaches, spoon into serving-glasses. Spoon Sherry Cream over top with spoonful of reserved whipped cream, sprinkle with nutmeg or chopped nuts. Serve with Almond Biscuits.

ALMOND BISCUITS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, almond halves.

Icing: Seven ounces icing-sugar, 1 egg-white, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond essence.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg-yolk and essence, then sifted flour; knead well. Roll out thinly, cut into very small round shapes. Top with spoonful of icing, then almond half. Bake in slow oven 15 minutes.

To make icing, beat egg-white lightly. Sift in icing-sugar, add essence; combine well.

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Also: Chinese Poppy, a new mandarin. Fiesta, a carnival-mood pink red, and Mystic Pearl, a soft coral pink. All with harmonising nail lacquer.

No woman should deny herself the pleasure of carrying Helena Rubinstein's Fashion Stick—the new long line lipstick that gives a perfect outline as it colours and lasts twice as long!



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Two new shades: Brown and Grey.

Helena Rubinstein

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 3, 1963

Available from Helena Rubinstein Salons, all leading department
stores and leading chemists within the Commonwealth.

Page 43



**All you do
is click in**

**the key... but what a lot
Keymatic does!**

*Just fill with clothes, click
in the key — and that's all you do.
Keymatic does the washing
while you take care of more
important things.*



Because Keymatic does *so many* essential things with unerring accuracy, it washes every fabric perfectly. Yet it's the simplest-to-operate automatic ever made. Keymatic has no dials or knobs. There are no settings to memorise. Nothing to turn, nothing to learn. The one control is a simple

"key", clearly marked with different washing programmes for different fabrics: whites, coloureds, drip-dries and so on. To wash whites, for example, you just look up "whites" on the key, click the key into the slot — and that's *all* you do. But what a lot Keymatic does!

Keymatic has a different washing programme for every fabric. Here's just one programme — the programme for whites.

You just click in the key and Keymatic does all this:

- Fills itself with hot water.
- Heats the water (if necessary) to 185° F.
- Chooses the correct washing action. In this case it will use its vigorous "Pulsator Boiling Action". (For woollens, blankets and delicate fabrics, on the other hand, Keymatic selects its gentle "Tilted Tumble Action".)
- Selects a washing time of 4 minutes.
- Rinses 3 times in water of gradually decreasing temperature.
- Spins dry for precisely 3½ minutes.
- Switches itself off automatically.

Keymatic washes every other fabric with the same care and precision, varying water temperature, washing action, washing time, etc., to suit the fabric. And the key controls it all! You just click the key into place — *once!* At last, washing

is easy as posting a letter. No wonder people are saying that Keymatic is the most advanced, simplest-to-operate automatic ever made. See this remarkable machine demonstrated by your Hoover retailer.

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AUTOMATIC WASHER

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"THE WOMAN WHO LIVES ALONE"

● During the past week I have had two friends in for a meal, on separate days. Both have families, whereas I now live alone, and their contrasting remarks on my solitary state interested me. One took a gloomy view, the other was distinctly cheery.

MY gloomy friend's attitude was, "Oh, you poor darling, how desperately lonely you must be with no one to talk to."

But the other's viewpoint was more like this: "Aren't you lucky—you can do what you like when you like, no one else to consider."

Personally I feel that each

one is right at different times.

So many women are alone these days. I have counted 14 in my own small circle, some unmarried, many widowed (with or without grown-up families), and, of course, deserted wives.

Yet their lives are so different!

Now, it is not so much circumstances as character that makes that difference.

One of my friends, a

widow, now lives in a country town and says she has never been so happy or so at peace since before her husband died.

She makes her life her home and garden, friends who visit or stay, the local people ("they are so friendly, so different from the city folk"), and she has her church and has joined the local hospital sewing group.

Since she has only herself to please, mealtimes are flexible.

Many solitary women do not eat sensibly—tea and toast feature too largely on their menus.

"Oh, it's not worth while to cook just for myself," is their excuse.

Sun meals

That is so unwise, for a balanced, simple meal, attractively served, satisfies more than the appetite—it also feeds one's self-respect ("life hasn't got me down").

I usually have my meal on a tray when alone and carry it outside into the sun when possible.

Occasionally I try out a new dish and invite a couple of friends in to share the results.

All "solitaries" feel lonely and unwanted at times, but a cure is to reflect upon the happiness that thousands of much more unfortunate

people would find in our lives.

I am referring to those people who are physically handicapped, or ill, or stateless—with not even a country, let alone a home, of their own.

When I had to adjust myself to living alone, the time of day I dreaded was the dusk, when everyone except myself seemed to have someone coming home with news of the day's doings, his hopes and fears, mutual plans, and, above all, his precious companionship.

At dusk I used to feel that there was no purpose for me in this world.

Yet now that I am adjusted, the days are not long enough.

Living alone, I found that there was a danger of becoming slovenly or "set." Neither is good. There is a happy medium. Life must have some law and order, but it must also allow for grace and dignity.

It is so easy, when there is no one to say, "How nice you look, darling," to become careless in one's dress.

But one mustn't; careless dress is the beginning of other careless ways, all of them bad.

I don't allow myself to wear bedroom slippers about the house during the day-time. Comfortable though they may be, they are bad for feet and morale.

Their bosom pals—hair-curlers—are equally bad and unsightly.

Well-meaning folk say, "It's not good to live alone." But what choice has one? It is difficult to adjust oneself to living with another woman in one's own home after years of marriage.

Without a male partner one knows just how one ranks with the rest of the community.

More widows

Of course there are far fewer parties.

Plenty of people will invite a couple but not a lone woman.

And it is difficult for a hostess to find that extra man to make a balance, for there are so many more widows than widowers.

Again, one has to work to keep one's place in the group, and pull one's weight, and help the party conversation.

I sometimes ask myself, "What would you talk about if asked to a dinner party tonight?"

Often the reply is decidedly dreary, so whenever possible I go to see any controversial film or painting, hear modern music, and read the latest books: all are interesting, good conversation pieces.

It is important that one's mind should not become stale or lazy, which it does

rather tend to do without the stimulation of a man's outlook on world affairs.

There are many other interests for the woman alone—excellent adult education classes have lectures on a wide variety of subjects, from French cooking to Egyptian art, and exhibitions at the many art galleries, all interesting, add to your outlook on life.

I frequently meet the same people there and we chat and sometimes I have coffee with one, or some, of them.

So one need not be alone unless one chooses. And certainly one need never be bored.

Looking about me, I have concluded that the "solitaries" who are best off are those who have a very close special friend.

It could be a sister or a brother, or perhaps an old school friend who also, now, lives alone.

It is someone to confide in if you feel the need, and also someone who will unload her troubles on you when they arise.

For while it is nice to be helped, it is also very nice to help someone else, and it is this kind of sharing that makes a friend.

—"On-my-own." (The writer supplied her name and address but wishes to be anonymous.)

The school lunch

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse

● Food for growing children should never be regarded as merely a way of appeasing hunger. A child needs properly chosen foods in order to grow, to keep the body in good repair and bouncing health, and to provide plenty of energy.

BRIEFLY and broadly, the proteins are the body-building and repairing foods, the fats and carbohydrates supply energy, and the vitamins and minerals in foods are essential elements for good nutrition, body function, and well-being.

The fact is that malnutrition can result from wrong feeding, as well as underfeeding.

The problem of providing the young school-child with a school lunch that is both nutritious and interesting is an ever-present one to busy mothers.

By the time a child reaches school age good feeding habits should be firmly established, but there is often a danger of "tuckshop temptation."

But pies, cakes, and starchy biscuits are bad for digestion and tend to pervert the child's taste for more nutritious foods.

Sturdy sandwiches

So the aim is to make the lunch-box more attractive than the lure of the shops.

Mothers should remember that a well-fed child tends to work and play well, while a hungry child doesn't give his full mind to schoolwork, and is also more open to catch any infection.

If a well-fed child does catch something, he is more likely to shake it off and recover quickly.

Sandwiches are a basic for cut lunches, and good-quality bread (wholemeal) can be combined with substantial fillings containing all the foods vital to good health.

Egg, meats, cheese, salad vegetables (including parsley), raisins and other dried fruits, asparagus, grated carrot, milk, and fresh fruit are only a few of the big choice of healthy foods readily available.

Suggestions for nutritious school lunches are contained in a free leaflet which is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: In making your request, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the return of the leaflet.

Choking—a common danger to pre-schoolers

● Doctors are seriously worried because so many pre-school children have recently had their young lives endangered by choking accidents. Some have even died.

PEANUTS particularly are potential breath-stoppers. And things like marbles, balloons, buttons, beads, nuts, and peas can all find their way into a child's mouth—and perhaps his windpipe—if they are left within reach.

But choking accidents NEED NEVER HAPPEN. They can be AVOIDED by following a few simple precautions:

- Before allowing a baby to crawl on the floor, inspect his surroundings and clear the floor of toys and detachable small pieces.
- Remove sewing-baskets and other such containers out of a child's reach.
- Don't trust young children with small objects.
- Don't let your child eat nuts, nut-chocolate bars, or anything contain-

ing nuts, pips, or seeds until AFTER he is five years old.

If a person is seized with a choking fit you should immediately try to clear away the object obstructing the throat or windpipe.

There are several ways of doing this, depending on the age of the choking victim:

- With INFANTS, hold the baby upside down by the ankles and apply several sharp pats between the shoulder-blades.
- With CHILDREN, suspend the patient's head down over one arm, then strike the back between the shoulder-blades several times.
- With ADULTS, roll the patient over and apply a sharp blow between the shoulder-blades.

DON'T try to make the choking victim vomit, and DON'T try to re-

move the object with your finger—you are more likely to push it down into the windpipe.

If the choking symptoms should subside but nothing is ejected from the mouth, then the object may have found its way into the lungs. In such a case the danger is not as immediate as choking, but the patient should see a doctor as soon as possible.

Finally, if the victim of a choking attack should stop breathing, apply immediate mouth-to-nose or mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

The urgent need is to get air into the lungs even if it has to be blown past whatever is stuck in the throat or airway. The obstruction may later have to be removed in hospital.

—Queensland Health Education Council, Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

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Six pretty career girls tell why they wear

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Bond's "Cottontails" out-distance all other briefs in *quality*, *comfort* and *fit*. See what you get for your money:

Fine combed cotton . . . contour cut for perfect fit through wash after wash . . . replaceable elastic waistband . . . action gusset for easy movement . . . "nylorib" legbands for shape retention, and "Cottontails" can be boiled and need little or no ironing.

Sizes: SSW-OS in white breezeweight. White or peachmist in snug interlock also. Schoolgirl sizes: 3-13 in white, grey, navy, fawn, bottle green . . . breezeweight or interlock. Serve yourself from "Cottontails" counter units everywhere.

"I like these 'Cottontails'. They fit so smoothly under slacks. The replaceable elastic waistband is a wonderful extra feature for budget-wise girls."

"In my job, looking smart in front of our clients is essential. I'm strictly a slim-dress type, and find 'Cottontails', because of their contour cut for perfect fit, do retain their shape through wash after wash. So many of my 'well-off' clients wear them, too!"

"'Cottontails' are just made for girls on the go like me. They fit perfectly under my short tennis dress and they have 'Nylorib' legbands for shape retention."

"Since changing to 'Cottontails' my briefs last longer. They're fabulous. The fine combed cotton does give a more supple, more durable fabric."

"Early morning calls, quick trips, we need essentially 'easy-care' clothes. That's why I find 'Cottontails' a real boon. You can just wash them out at night, they dry in no time."

Breezeweight
7/6
Girls' from 5/11

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7/11
Girls' from 6/3

BOND'S

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 3, 1963

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Wonderful for Catarrh, too!

BC 44

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● My favorite character of the month is the Cornish parson who announced recently that he had decided not to preach any more sermons for the rest of the year.

"MY sermons are not good enough to deliver," he said. "They are lean and ill-favored. The time I normally spent in preparing my two sermons each week I am going to devote to reading, prayer, and meditation."

Parishioners, even if they grumble that the sermons in their church are too long, too short, too highbrow, too lowbrow, too spiritually elevated or mundane, nevertheless regard the sermon as an essential part of the incumbent's job.

These Cornish parishioners are no exception — they are highly indignant about their vicar's decision.

One of them, a dockyard machinist, said angrily, "What would happen if I went to the dockyard tomorrow and told my boss that instead of working I was going to meditate all day?"

What I'm applauding is not the removal of the sermon from the church service but the humility and intelligence of the remover.

It reminds me of one of the early English women novelists — I think it was Jane Austen, but I'm not absolutely sure — who, when she was taken to task for not getting on with a new book for a long time after she'd finished her last, said, "I hope that I may have the strength not to begin writing anything until I have something to say."

We live in such a wash of words in the twentieth century, with everyone lecturing and writing and speaking and preaching just because it's expected of them, instead of doing it because something seems so important to them that it has to be said.

And those of us who are on the taking end — those who are lectured and written and spoken and preached at — can hardly be expected to keep our heads sufficiently above water to think any thoughts of our own!

The Cornish vicar is reported as saying: "I believe that if a parson preaches twice on a Sunday he prates at least once."

"During the next ten months I will take stock of myself for the good of my congregation. A new insight into faith should give my sermons a new clarity and depth."

Some of his congregation have decided to boycott his church; those who have the patience to wait until he's ready to preach again might easily find that time to think has given him time to find really memorable things to say.

Speedy reading is not for me!

I'M a complete philistine on the subject of this Faster Reading jazz that's so popular at the moment.

That's a purely personal expression of opinion, and any educationist reading it would probably denounce me as irresponsible and reactionary.

I don't think I mind very much.

I don't want to read any faster, and it doesn't worry me one bit that Kay (who's a devotee of the Faster Reading cult) has discovered that I move my eyes three times in scanning a line of print instead of only twice.

I'm not a student who has to dig the maximum number of facts out of textbooks

in the minimum time, and I'm not a business executive who has to read myriads of company reports, and in spite of Kay's propaganda I'll just go bumbling on obstinately at my own pace.

I can see that Faster Reading must be a tremendous advantage for people whose job it is to dig relevant facts out of irrelevant wordage, but I can't help feeling it must be death to any sort of literary appreciation.

And I can't think of anything more likely to make Jane Austen revolve rapidly in her grave than for Faster Readers to boast that they can whizz through her wise and witty and leisurely "Persuasion" at the rate of 4000 or more words a minute!

I heard a radio talk recently — never did catch the name of the speaker, unfortunately — in which it was pointed out that we have a mania for facts because we believe that better-informed people make better citizens.

The speaker went on to point out that speculation and imaginative thought are neglected nowadays because they don't seem to have the same sensible purpose as the gathering of facts, and yet the products of speculation and imagination make up the sum of all that Western civilisation is proudest of.

The gist of it was that society can exist on facts but that civilisation depends for its development on theory and the imaginative arts.

With an old party dress team a new boy-friend

I WONDER whether there's some constitutional reason why teenagers can never start worrying about what they're going to wear to a party until five minutes after the last possible moment?

Family crisis on Thursday night, when Katherine decided half an hour before she was due to be ready that the only dress she could possibly wear was half an inch too long.

My arguments that half an inch couldn't possibly matter as much as all that were swept aside by Kay and Di, who fell to work on it at two different parts of the hem with unlicking scissors.

As the skirt was about four yards round the hem I was pressed into service to start hemming on one side while Kay worked on the other and Di stood ready with the ironing-board in position and the iron heating up.

"I've got absolutely no clothes, I've never got a thing to wear," Kay said as she worked. She's at the stage I can remember so well where it's quite unthinkable to wear the same garment on two successive occasions.

"What rot!" Di said enviously. "You've got simply millions of clothes. What you need is not new dresses but a new boy-friend who hasn't seen any of them."

Hugh, who'd been quietly reading his paper and ignoring the flap, roared with laughter at this, and suggested that it was seldom wise to throw out the baby with the bathwater. His two daughters rewarded him with a brief and hostile glare.

Finally Kay was hemmed, pressed, and dressed about five seconds before the doorbell rang. In the meantime the rice for the stay-at-homes' curry had caught, but I have to admit that the half inch did make a difference to the look of the dress.



White, brown, honey-tan, red, beige. Sizes 2-8.

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"Jumping-Jacks" are scientifically designed especially for very young children.

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AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

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J134

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BLEMISHES
ON
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FACE
NECK

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The Bulletin
THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!
ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE



SHERRIED PRUNE TART is a rich dessert pie, topped with prunes, whipped cream, cinnamon. See recipe.

Dessert recipe wins £5

● A rich smooth custard forms the filling of the prune tart that wins the £5 main prize this week.

SAVORY topped scones to serve at buffet parties, luncheons or as a jiffy snack win a consolation prize of £1. All spoon measurements are level.

SHERRIED PRUNE TART

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, little water or milk if necessary.

Sift flour, salt and sugar in basin. Cut in butter with 2 knives until crumbs are even. Mix to firm dough, adding little water or milk if necessary. Roll out on floured board, fill into greased 9in. pie-plate or press straight in if hard to handle. Trim, pinch frill round edge. Prick well, bake in moderately hot oven about 12 to 15 minutes; cool.

Filling: Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 4 tablespoons

sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs (separated), extra 2 tablespoons sugar, 1pt. cream, 1lb. dessert prunes, 1 cup sweet sherry, extra cream (whipped and sweetened), cinnamon.

Wash and drain prunes, add sherry; allow to soak while preparing filling. Mix cornflour, sugar in saucepan, blend with milk. Stir over low heat until thickened. Pour little on to beaten egg-yolks, then pour back into saucepan; stir over low heat until thickened. Remove from heat, add vanilla; cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly with extra sugar. Fold into cooled custard with the cream (which has also been beaten). Fill into prepared pastry-case, chill slightly. Top with the soaked prunes, decorate with the extra cream and sprinkling of cinnamon.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Wellington, 68 View St., Gympie, N.S.W.

CRUSTY SCONE ROUNDS

Two and half cups self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 medium-sized onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped green onion-tops, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, salt, milk to mix.

Sift flour into basin, rub in butter. Add onion, green onion-tops, cheese, salt. Add egg and enough milk to mix to soft dough. Roll or press out thinly; cut into rounds. Place close together on hot greased oven-slide, top with the following (1 teaspoon to each scone):

Topping: Quarter pound grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft butter, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard.

Combine all topping ingredients, mix well. Spoon on to scones. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Warnock, 80 Alderbury St., Floreat Park, W.A.

HOME HINTS

● These hints sent in by readers win £1/1/- each.

MAKE a sandpit for baby from an old disused table. Turn the table upside down, saw off the legs, and fill the tray with 'clean sand.—Mrs. R. Littlewood, Warrandyte Rd., Baxter, Vic.

Dried orange-skins make excellent fuel for lighting fires in the winter. They also give off a pleasant aroma when burning.—Mrs. R. Fennell, Ridge St., Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

A quick and easy way to unscrew a stiff screw-top on a bottle, jar, or tin is to turn the article upside down and bang the lid solidly on a table. It won't break and the lid is loosened for unscrewing.—Mrs. J. N. Ray, Beach Rd., Wesley Vale, Tas.

Put paper patty-cases between glasses when packing to stop them sticking together or breaking.—Mrs. A. J. Crawford, "Alara," Congewoi, via Paxton, N.S.W.

When baby reaches the age when he wants to feed himself, buy a few double-sided suction caps and fix his plate to a high chair or table. They save spills and breakages.—Mrs. F. Burke, 115 Roslyn St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

I find this waterproofing solution very successful: Add 1 cup warm water to 1 teaspoon gum arabic and 2 tablespoons vinegar; mix well. Brush solution on with stiff brush. This is excellent for umbrellas.—Miss J. Manning, c/o Bairnsdale P.O., Bairnsdale, Vic.



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You might say that good food is a country tradition . . . things like freshly-churned butter on farm-baked bread, home cured bacon and ham. It's only natural that country folk are hard to please — they are quick to judge the quality of their own produce. That's why so many housewives buy Norco — especially Norco butter. It's just like home-made butter, you can really taste the cream. So when you come to think of it, good food isn't just a country tradition — it's Norco tradition too. They've been famous for it for over sixty years.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 3, 1963



NORCO

BUTTER, BACON, CHEESE, LEG HAM, CANNED HAM

Page 49

Ah—bring back the old fairytales

By MARGARET MEAD,
world-famous anthropologist and sociologist

THEY decided children should be told stories about present-day, everyday things like ponies and aeroplanes.

In fairytales some of the characters are cruel or ugly or unhappy, and sometimes the things that happen frighten children—or so they said.

Often the very words are strange and difficult, unlike the words children use and hear in everyday life.

So the children's bookshelves were swept clean of ogres and witches and giants, dragons and monsters, wicked stepmothers and genies, and after them tumbled princes and princesses, mermaids, seven-league boots, magic carpets, and wishing rings.

One after another "real" people took their place, "here-and-now" people—postmen, ferryboat captains, farmers, engine-drivers; and boys and girls who visited the zoo, rode on trains, spent a day at the seashore. All the words were easy, too.

But often there were no people in the stories at all. It

was easier to tell what happened to a little fire engine or an elephant.

A whole generation has grown up with stories of animals that talked and had feelings something like people's.

Fairytales did not actually disappear, but they were denatured: Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother never got eaten.

As these new books filled the shelves, many books for older children, and books written for adults that had become children's books—"Gulliver's Travels," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Lorna Doone"—tended to be pushed aside.

Grandparents and parents no longer were supposed to read aloud the books they had enjoyed as children; Grimm's fairytales and Hans Andersen, "Swiss Family Robinson," and even "Treasure Island" were looked at askance.

● Once upon a time, long, long ago in the 1920s, some well-meaning people decided that children should not be told fairytales. Fairytales are unreal, they said, and children need to hear about the real world.

Besides being denied a chance to relive the thrills and shivers of their own childhood, older people were denied a chance to enjoy that special warmth and trust that children and adults seemed to feel when they experienced the sadness and terrors of the old tales together.

Reading these new books, parents often were bored to death. The world to which they introduced their children through all these familiar, realistic stories was disarmingly unimaginative.

And today we have two generations who have never enjoyed, in a widespread way, the old style of storytelling and reading.

Among those books that once filled children's bookshelves were books about the natural world, Greek mythology, stories and explorations, books about history and the lives of great men, adventure stories, and tall

tales of the frontier, Red Indians, and so on.

The children who listened and later read these books to themselves grew up with a sense of wonder and a sense of reality as well.

Today there is a mixed bag of "stories" on television, the crude images of good and bad in comic books, the fantasies in animated cartoons, ghost stories, etc.

Two worlds

But there is no body of traditional wonder to teach small children about the difference between dream and nightmare and reality.

Instead, for boys we have science fiction that lacks the discipline and wisdom of those older stories of human hopes and human fears; for girls we have a variety of success stories.

These two kinds of stories end up in worlds that neither can share with the other:

marvellous but inhuman space worlds for boys and men and a world of much-too-domestic miracles for girls and women.

For small children there are simple introductory books; for older ones there are useful but uninspiring books on how to do things and "what you should know" about stones and stars, the forest and the ocean, electricity and chemistry and geology, as well as books about men of achievement.

Books have one great advantage, however. Even though they are neglected, they do not disappear.

The old books can still be found, can still be read aloud.

Young mothers and fathers who missed out on "Water Babies," "Kim," "The Secret Garden," or "Kidnapped" can take them down from their library shelves or get them at the library or buy

them and read them to their children. And they can discover with them several new books which, despite the arid times in which they were written, are full of wonder and imagination. (For example, the "Kon-Tiki Expedition.")

Parents who missed all the traditional stories in their own childhood may even turn their loss into a new kind of gain. The old books, with all the words that have to be explained to children who never lit an oil lamp or kept a pony with a goblin-twisted tail or found a fairy ring in a field, give adults a way of discovering as well as sharing with their children.

And by recapturing the wonder and awe of childhood, how much better able they will be to understand how their children feel about the miracles of the world in which they actually live—about astronauts and jet-short distances, and the fact that the earth is just one part of one solar system in one galaxy!

It is crucial that they share each other's feelings about the strange and the wonderful.

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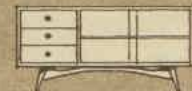
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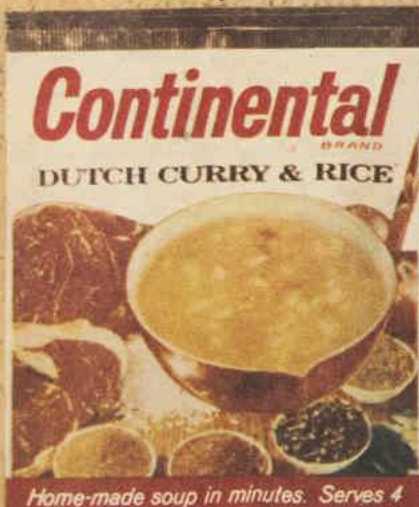
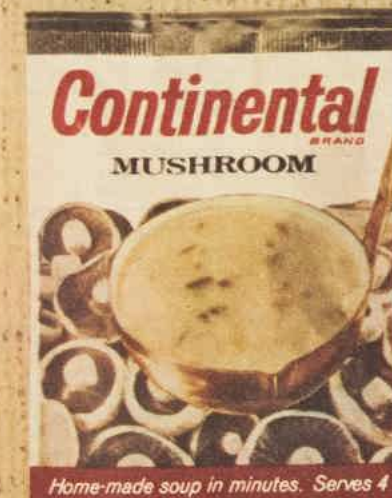
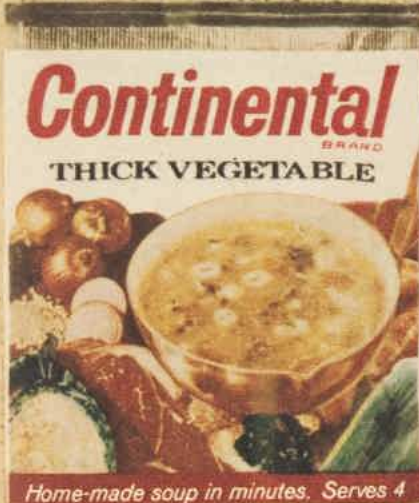
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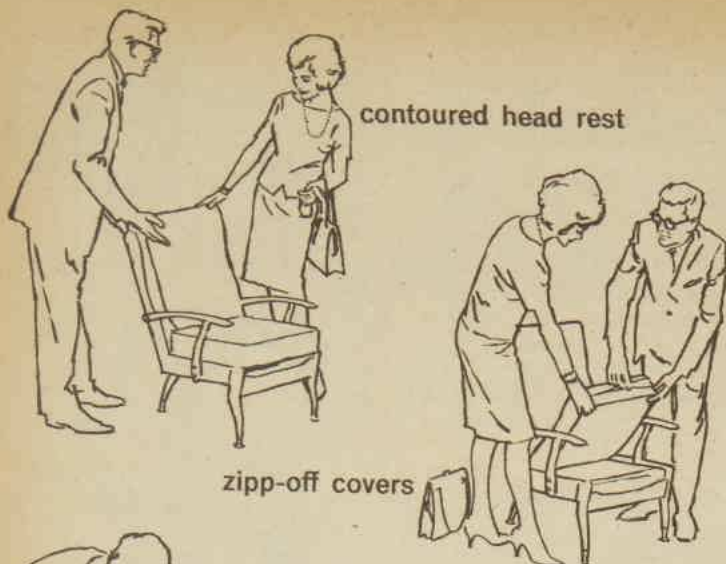


AND OVER 60 DIFFERENT RECIPES ON THE BACKS

Try about 60 of them yourself! They're all new, all quite easy to make and all delicious. They should be—Continental Soup gives them their home-made flavour! There is one recipe on the back of each Continental pack, and between 6 and 8 recipes to each Continental variety. You'll be able to collect the lot as you enjoy the goodness of Continental! Look for the new picture packs at your food store. And check the recipes on the backs so you're sure to get a new one each time.

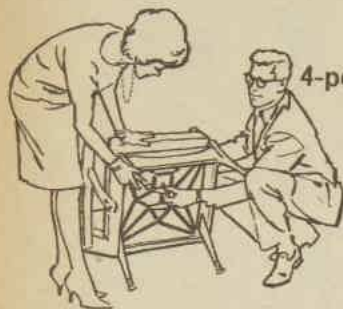
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W6/61

A GLOSSARY OF

FRENCH

● You don't have to be a gourmet or an accomplished linguist to be au fait with a French menu, enjoy French food, or try out a new French recipe. Just keep this glossary handy. It gives meanings for everyday cooking terms, special dishes, and a variety of food items from meat, fish, and vegetables to fruit and cheese. Prepared on behalf of the Foods of France Information Bureau, it explains culinary terms and foods most commonly used in French cooking.

CULINARY TERMS

FRENCH

A la boitelle
A la broche
A la mode
A la vapeur
A l'étuvée
A l'huile d'olive
Aspic

Au gratin

Au jus

Au lait

Au naturel

Ballotine

Beurre

Bien cuit

Blanchi

Blanquette

Bombe

Bouilli

Braise

Brouille

Café noir

Chartreuse

Chaud

Chiffonade

Coeur

Confit

Coupe

Cotelettes

Court Bouillon

Cru

Diabie

Duchesse

En brochette

ENGLISH

Cooked with mushrooms.
Cooked on a skewer.
In the style of.
Steamed.
Stewed.
In olive oil.

Any jellied dish or jellied glaze.

Sprinkled with crumbs and/or cheese and baked brown.

Served with natural juice or gravy.

With milk.

In natural state or plainly cooked.

A rolled preparation of boned meat.

Butter; *beurre fondu*, melted butter; *beurre noir*, butter browned until it is almost black.

Well done (meats).

Blanched.

White meat in creamed sauce.

Fancy desserts made of ices, whipped cream, and various fruits.

Boiled.

Braised. Food well browned in a little hot fat, then simmered in a little liquid, covered until tender.

Scrambled.

Black coffee.

Any combination of chopped foods in a mould.

Hot.

Designates any dish served with shredded vegetables.

Heart.

Medium-size pieces of salted meat: goose, duck, turkey, or pork, simmered in and covered with their melted drippings.

An ice-cream dessert.

Ground or chopped mixtures fried in the shape of a cutlet.

A basic vegetable stock made with wine and herbs.

Uncooked; raw.

Devised.

Potatoes mixed with egg and forced through a pastry tube.

Broiled and served on a skewer.

FRENCH

En coquille
En gelée
En papillote
Epice
Farce

Farcie
Fines Herbes
Flambe

Foie
Fond
Fondue de fromage

Fournée
Frappe

Fricassee
Frit
Froid
Fume
Galantine

Garni
Garniture
Gateau
Glacé
Gras
Grille
Hache
Jardinière
Julienne

Lyonnaise
Macedoine

Miettes
Mousse

Oeufs
Panache

Pancake

Pele

Purée

Ragout

Refroidi

Revenir

Rillettes

Roti

Rouleau

Roux

Sans peau
Saute
Souffle

Tarte
Terrine
Vinaigrette

ENGLISH

In the shell.

In jelly.

Baked in oiled paper bag.

Spice.

Forcemeat. Stuffing with chopped meat, fish, poultry, or nuts.

Stuffed.

Mixture of herbs.

A food served with lighted spirits poured over.

Liver (see page 55).

Bottom.

A melted cheese dish.

Baked.

Sweetened fruit juices frozen to a mush.

Braised meats or poultry.

Fried.

Cold.

Smoked.

Boned poultry, game, or meat stuffed and pressed into a symmetrical shape. Served cold.

Garnished.

Garnish.

Cake.

Ice; ice-cream. Iced.

Fat (see page 55).

Grilled or broiled.

Finely chopped or sliced.

Diced mixed vegetables.

Match-like strips of meat, vegetables, or cheese.

Cooked with onions.

Mixture of vegetables or fruits.

Flakes, bits, or crumbs.

Light, airy dish, usually containing beaten egg-whites or whipped cream, for dessert or main dish.

Eggs.

Mixed (usually two vegetables).

Prepared with bread-crumbs.

Peeled.

Mashed.

A stew with rich gravy.

Chilled.

To fry lightly.

Shredded meat.

Roast.

Roll of.

A mixture of butter and flour used to thicken.

Skinless.

Fried lightly in fat.

A baked fluffy main dish or dessert.

Tart or pie.

Earthenware crock.

A marinade or salad sauce of oil, vinegar, pepper, and herbs.

COOKERY

POTAGES—SOUPS

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Bouillabaisse
Bouillabaisse

Potage Saint-Germain
Green Pea Soup
Soupe à l'Oignon
French Onion Soup

Vichyssoise
Vichyssoise

DESCRIPTION AND USE

Mediterranean fish soup or stew which in France is served as a main dish with slices of bread.
Green split pea soup, served with crumbled bacon, ham slivers, cheese, or croutons.
A meat broth, strongly onion-flavored, with slices of cooked onion floating in it. To be served with grated Parmesan cheese.
A cream stock of pureed potatoes, chicken stock, and leeks. Best served icy cold and garnished with chives.

PLATS CUISINE—COOKED DISHES

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Cassoulet
Pork and Beans,
French Style
Choucroute Garnie
Sauerkraut with
Meat or Sausage
Coq au Vin
Rooster in Wine
Poulet Chasseur
Chicken, Hunter
Style
Quenelles
Dumplings

Tomates Farcies
Stuffed Tomatoes

DESCRIPTION AND USE

White kidney beans baked in oven together with pieces of salt pork, pork sausage, goose, or duck meat.
French pickled cabbage cooked with salt pork, sausages, or frankfurters.
Rooster cooked in red wine sauce.
Spiced chicken with tomatoes.
Finger-shaped, seasoned dumplings made of forcemeat of veal, poultry, pike, or mushrooms. Have many uses: as a garnish, hors d'oeuvre, or a main dish.
Small tomatoes stuffed with seasoned breadcrumbs.

POISSONS—FISH

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Coquilles St. Jacques
Scallops
Langoustine
Spiny Lobster or
Crayfish.

Homard
Lobster
Maquereau
Mackerel

Oeufs de Morue
Cod Roe

Sardines
Sardines

Thon
Tuna Fish

DESCRIPTION AND USE

Scallops prepared in butter and served with a parsley butter or cream sauce in a scallop shell.
Can be served as a hot or cold dish.
Hot: As is, with parsley butter or au gratin. Cold: In seafood cocktails; as hors d'oeuvre, or in salads, with green mayonnaise.
Same as Langoustine.
Usually prepared in white-wine sauce, it can be served as a main dish with salad; as hors d'oeuvre, or in aspic.
Cooked eggs of cod. Can be served sautéed in butter with almonds or mushrooms; also in soufflés; or cold, as hors d'oeuvre.
Sometimes boneless and skinless, they come either in pure olive oil, peanut oil, tomato sauce, or spiced, when usually truffles are added. They can be served cold as hors d'oeuvre, in salads, or seafood cocktails, or blended with cottage or cream cheese. Hot suggestions: broiled, with lemon; in main-dish casseroles; spread on pizza pies or open-face cheese sandwiches.
Flakes or fillets of tuna in brine, pure olive oil, or tomato sauce. Packed in brine, they are good, heated, for casseroles with olives, or creamed in patty shells. In oil or tomato sauce they are excellent for hors d'oeuvres or in salads.

LEGUMES—VEGETABLES

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Artichauts
(Fonds d'Artichauts)
Artichokes
(Artichoke bottoms)

Asperge
Asparagus

Carottes
Carrots

Celeri
Cœurs de Celeri
Branches de Celeri
Celery
Hearts of Celery
Stalks of Celery

Choux de Bruxelles
Brussels Sprouts

Chou-Fleur
Cauliflower

Epinards
Epinards Hache
Epinard en feuilles

Spinach
Chopped Spinach
Leaf Spinach

Flageolets
Baby Lima Beans

Haricots Verts
French Green
Stringless Beans

Laitue
Lettuce

Lentilles
Lentils

Petits Pois
French Peas

Huile d'arachide
Peanut Oil

Huile d'olive
Olive Oil

DESCRIPTION AND USE

The tastiest and meatiest part of the artichoke. They can be grilled or baked in cream with chervil; served with an oil and vinegar sauce; used in salads, as an hors d'oeuvre; or blended with pate, cream cheese, or sour cream and condiments, for a canape base or cocktail dip.

White asparagus, may be either whole spears or tips, served au gratin or with Allemande or Hollandaise sauce; or cold with a vinaigrette sauce; also good in salads.

Diced or in rounds, they are eaten hot, in a cream sauce with dill; or cold, in salads with mustard dressing.

As a hot vegetable, it can be served with a brown sauce, with slices of marrow, or au gratin. Marinate in vinaigrette sauce and serve as cold hors d'oeuvre.

Whole sprouts, they are served as a hot vegetable with a brown butter sauce and sliced almonds or peanuts.

Flowerets of cauliflower that can be served either hot, au gratin, or with a cream sauce; or cold, marinated, as hors d'oeuvre.

Served hot in cream sauce with nutmeg; cold, in salads or vinaigrette sauce.

Sauces are the same whether spinach is left in leaves or chopped.

Green baby lima beans that are served hot with stewed tomatoes and garlic, or cold, marinated, as an hors d'oeuvre. They are a traditional accompaniment to roast leg of lamb.

Whole beans that are served hot with butter, au gratin, with crumbled, crisp bacon, or cooked in cream with chervil. Cold, they are good marinated or in salads.

Hearts of lettuce that are braised to be served hot mixed with other vegetables, or cold with a vinaigrette dressing.

Usually preserved in goose fat, they are served as a main dish casserole with onions, celery, and tiny sausages.

Tiny, sweet green peas, sometimes cooked with onion. Hot, they are used in casseroles or prepared with a cream sauce with basil. Cold, they are excellent in salads.

HUILE—OIL

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

DESCRIPTION AND USE

Used in salad dressing or in cooking when a bland, odorless oil is desired.

The oil from olives of Provence is considered excellent. It is exported in bottles or tins.

MOUTARDE—MUSTARD

Of the several types of French mustard, Dijon is the best known.

Although now made in many parts of France, Dijon mustard was named after the town of Dijon, capital of the ancient province of Burgundy and famous for its gastronomic achievements. Dijon mustard, considered by gourmets to be the finest in the world, is made of a complex formula which includes verjuice, an acid juice extracted from large unripened grapes.

French mustards are often packed in decorative crocks. Terms used in label descriptions are: Forte—strong; Extra-Forte—extra strong; Fine—delicate; Aux fines herbes—with herb seasoning; A l'estragon—with tarragon; Aromatisée—spiced.

VIANDES—MEAT

FRENCH

Bœuf
Jambon
Porc
Tripe
Veau
Agneau
Lievre
Lapin

ENGLISH

Beef.
Ham.
Pork.
Tripe.
Veal.
Lamb.
Hare.
Rabbit.

VOLAILLE—POULTRY

FRENCH

Canard
Coq
Oie
Poulet
Poule
Poularde
Pigeon
Dinde

ENGLISH

Duck.
Rooster.
Goose.
Chicken.
Hen.
Fat Pullet.
Pigeon.
Turkey.

Continued on page 55

ILL-HEALTH CAN CRIPPLE A FAMILY BUDGET!



This family was protected by H-C-F-M-B-F which paid **£16,500,000** in claims last year

There are still some who fail to budget for hospital and medical expenses and these can be crippling. Many of the advantages of belonging to H-C-F-M-B-F cannot be measured in £s.d. . . . the freedom from financial worry . . . and the peace of mind that comes from knowing that the family is always protected in the event of sickness.

A few of the many benefits you get from

H·C·F M·B·F

● HOSPITAL TABLE 5B covers each member of the family for £28 per week when hospitalised.

● MEDICAL TABLE J covers over 1,000 medical and surgical services.

● Pre-existing and chronic illnesses are substantially provided for.

● You have free choice of hospital and doctor.

● Medical claims up to £10/10/- can be paid in cash over the counter.

● There are no age limits—no medical examinations.

● All these benefits are secured at a cost of just over 1/- a day for families and half that for single persons.

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Ask for an application form where you work, at any agency—usually the family chemist, or at any H-C-F-M-B-F office.

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V145A

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BILLY TEA...THAT'S FOR ME!

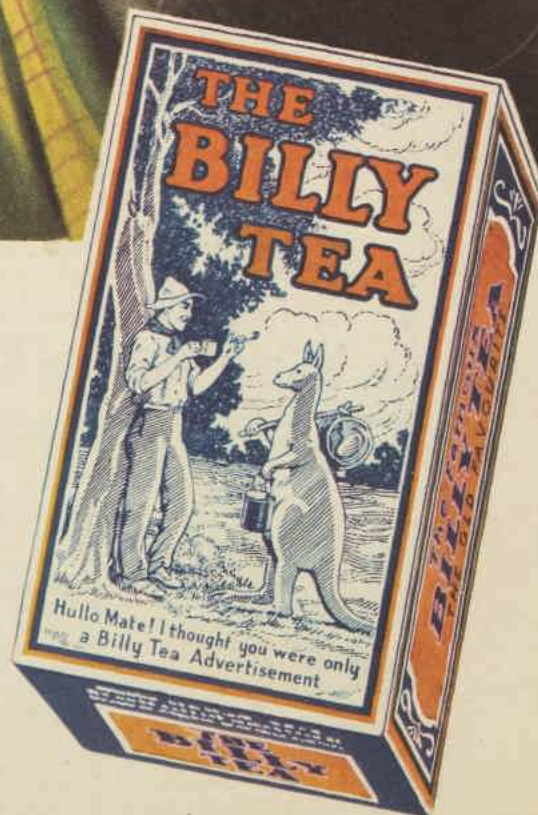


you'll appreciate the flavour difference of

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Folks agree that Billy Tea has a distinctive flavour with an appeal all its own . . . it's a flavour difference you'll really enjoy. Billy Tea . . . a simple, satisfying and refreshing pleasure.

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BILLY TEA — PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIVING

A GLOSSARY OF FRENCH COOKING... Cont.

DIVERS—MISCELLANEOUS

FRENCH AND ENGLISH	DESCRIPTION AND USE
Crêtes de Coq Rooster Combs	Pickled or jellied rooster combs, eaten cold as an appetiser or used as a garnish.
Epis de Mais Baby Corn	Miniature pickled corn-on-the-cob, served cold as hors d'oeuvres or with cocktails. Also used as garnish for meat dishes or salads.
Escargots Snails	Snails cooked in broth. (The snail shells come in a separate acetate container together with the can of snails.) Snails should be placed in washed shells, and each snail should be covered with a butter sauce to which is added parsley, garlic, shallots or onions, and a dash of nutmeg. Serve very hot.

PATES—PATES

FRENCH	DESCRIPTION
Pates	Any finely ground mixture of meat or poultry, with the addition of salt and spices, with or without truffles. Pate is always served well chilled, without any garnish or dressing, usually at the beginning of the meal. There are several classifications, depending on the ingredients and proportions used.
Foie Gras (without any further qualifications, except perhaps "au naturel," "naturel" or "with truffles.")	Contains pure goose liver only, with the sole addition of seasonings and perhaps truffles.
Pate de Foie Gras (or Bloc de Foie Gras, Purée de Foie Gras, Mousse de Foie Gras, Rouleau de Foie Gras or Roulade de Foie Gras)	Contains at least 75% goose liver, and up to 25% other meats, salt, spices, and perhaps truffles.
Pate de Foie	Contains any kind of liver (poultry or meat) and spices, with or without truffles.
Pate de Foie d'Oie (or Purée de Foie d'Oie, Mousse de Foie d'Oie, Crème de Foie d'Oie, Rouleau de Foie d'Oie or Roulade de Foie d'Oie)	Contains at least 50% goose liver, and up to 50% other meats ("oie" means goose) with salt, spices, with or without truffles.

FROMAGE—CHEESE

FRENCH	DESCRIPTION AND USE
Bleu	Characterised by its marbling of blue veins, this type is produced in several regions; Bleu de Bresse, Bleu d'Auvergne, and Bleu des Causses are well known. It is ripened, semi-soft, sometimes crumbly. The flavor is tangy. Use in salads, sandwiches, dips, and salad dressings.
Brie	Soft, ripened, creamy yellow, this cheese has been admired since the 10th century. Its flavor is mild to pungent, making Brie an excellent cheese for appetisers, snacks, or with fruit. The reddish crust is edible. It is fully ripened when the texture is the same throughout — soft but not runny.
Camembert	This distinguished cheese was developed in the 18th century and named by Napoleon after the town in Normandy where he first tasted this local delicacy. It is creamy, soft, and spreadable. Its robust flavor is excellent with tart fruits. The crust is edible.
Port Salut	A famous cheese, originally created in 1817 at the Trappist Monastery in Port-du-Salut, in Brittany. Today production is controlled by monks of the abbey. This cheese is yellow, smooth, and buttery with very small eyes. The flavor is mellow. The semi-soft consistency makes it an excellent choice to serve with fruit. It is sold in wedges and wheels.
Roquefort	This is the unique product of the milk of ewes that roam over the barren cliffs of the Causses region of Languedoc. The town of Roquefort is surrounded by subterranean caves where wheels of the cheese are matured. The characteristic green veins result from curing in these caves where temperature, air currents, and humidity cannot be duplicated. Production is rigidly supervised and only the genuine product can be labelled with the famous red-sheep emblem.

Venoruton P₄ brings fast proven relief to Varicose Sufferers

Aching legs
Swollen ankles
Heaviness
Enlarged veins
are danger
signs! *



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Why suffer needlessly? Don't delay—start right in on a Venoruton P₄ course now and avoid later serious and painful varicose conditions. Venoruton P₄ can help you whether you are in the "pre-varicose state" or a long-standing sufferer from varicose veins. Regain now your priceless health and vitality. See your family chemist today!

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- relieves pain quickly—reduces swelling
- is easily taken in water with handy dropper bottle
- is completely safe for both men and women—at all times

Available in a handy purse size for use anywhere (e.g., your mid-day meal in town). Also in larger economy sizes for home use.

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Whatever's for sweets tastes better with Streets

DELICIOUS PARTNERS... A CAN OF PEACHES
AND STREETS... IT COULDN'T BE CREAMIER!



COLLECTORS' CORNER



● English Staffordshire teaset.

My china plate has a hand-painted picture in the centre. The edge is patterned in gold and dark blue and is fluted. The markings are 1230 Eastbourne, Sussex. Could you give me some information about it, please?—Mrs. N. A. Strang, Kiothney, North West Line, N.S.W.

Your most attractive plate (below) is a genuine antique. It is probably Bloor Derby and was made about 1820. The realistic view of Eastbourne, Sussex, is hand-painted. The plate is from a dessert service. The Chamberlain, Worcester, Rockingham, and Spode factories also made similar dessert sets. It would be necessary for me to examine the body and glaze of the plate to decide the factory of origin of your lovely piece.



● Hand-painted plate.

I would like some information about my white jug. It is 6in. high, of a thick white china and a rough interior. I also have a brass door-knocker in the shape of Shakespeare's head. It has latticework decoration, and a flower on the top and bottom. It has no markings.—Mrs. J. Smyth, Reservoir, Vic.

Your jug (below) is English Staffordshire parian ware, made about 1860.

It is impossible to give a reliable opinion on brass objects without an inspection.

Door-knockers similar to your attractive specimen have been reproduced to the present day. Your knocker, which displays certain 18th-century characteristics in style, is probably not more than 70 or 80 years old. Early door-knockers were usually held in place by the use of "threaded" bolts.



● Lovely white jug.

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers queries about antiques.

I have a white teaset which is patterned in a conventional leaf design in green and purple. It has the mark 6070 and three tiny lines. Could you tell me its age please?—Mrs. M. Hardy, Caulfield, Vic.

Your attractive teaset (left) is English Staffordshire and was made about 1840.

OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER

BABY'S layette will be enhanced with these dainty floral motifs from Embroidery Transfer No. 143. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. The price is 2/.



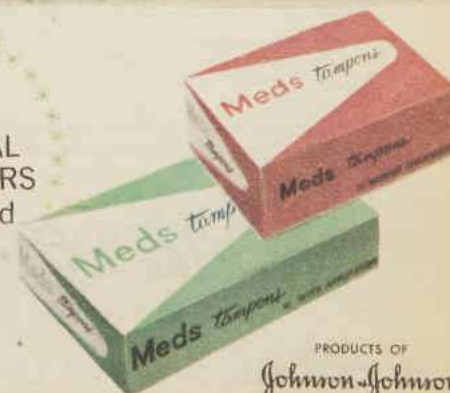
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For a free, informative booklet, mailed in plain wrapper, write to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson Pty. Ltd., Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Now enjoy skin cleanliness without affecting Nature's protective skin oils.

Neutrogena is the only completely solidified toilet cream made foaming, and is unlike any other cosmetic product produced in the world. You use it like a soap, but it has the effect of a soothing cleansing cream.

Neutrogena's unique, gentle cleansing action neutralizes both acid and alkaline substances . . . leaves no soapy residue . . . ensures your skin is healthily clean.

Follow this simple 3-point plan!



1 A moment to produce Neutrogena's luxurious foaming cream. 2 Massage into your skin. 3 Rinse off — feel the difference!

Stop at your Family Chemist or the cosmetic counter of any leading Department Store today for your first precious cake of

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Don't say soap—say Neutrogena

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NTS 1

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

OLD-TIME PINKS

● Gillyflowers to the Elizabethans; picotees to the Victorians; pinks to the modern gardener—these delightful standbys of cottage gardens are not seen as often as they should be since the development of the grander perpetual-flowering carnations.

CALLING them a "poor relation"—the modern stigma—is surely unfair, for any lack of breeding is more than made up for by their uninhibited charm.

Pinks come in great variety, for they are not variations on a single species of flower, but the many ancestors of the modern carnations, sweet williams, and dianthus. Shapes and sizes vary widely. Colors cover a wide range of pinks and near-whites with occasional touches of mauve and maroon.

The requirements of these old-fashioned charmers are simple: well-drained (even sandy) soil, preferably in a raised bed; lots of lime.

Pinks may be grown from seed (sown in autumn or spring) or from seedlings planted from March right through to early summer.

Mixed seedlings are more readily available than named varieties—but pinks are so easy to raise from cuttings that you'll have no difficulty in selecting and multiplying your favorite varieties.



LACED PINK. This is a hardy type developed last century in the cottage gardens of England's "Black Country." Modern developments have lost many of the delicate color gradations but added a new hardiness, longer flowering.



CHELSEA PINKS. Unfamiliar to many modern gardeners, the old-fashioned pinks bring gasps of delight from those "discovering" them. All are lime-lovers.



EARL OF ESSEX, a robust but charming named variety of *Dianthus plumarius*, which has held popularity for several hundreds of years. It has a spicy scent.



MRS. SINKINS. Though flowering only briefly in late spring, this old-fashioned variety still holds its own. It has a rich clove scent.



DIANTHUS var. "Hedde-wegii" is a spectacular modern cousin of the pinks. Sow seed any time in boxes and plant out when ready.

Gardening Book — page 126

...and PERIWINKLES

● The Romans called them pervinca—the English countryfolk changed it to periwinkle and cultivated these pretty plants for centuries by their cottage doors.

THE hardy European periwinkles flourish simply anywhere out of the hot sun. Pull off any rooted piece, plant in the autumn and watch it spread over banks, around shrubs, and under trees.

Periwinkles root loosely and don't disturb valuable bulbs or perennials. At the same time they form a dense ground-cover which mulches bigger plants and keeps down weeds.

The European types of trailing periwinkle (*Vinca minor* and *major*) flower in spring with all shades of blue, white, purple, and copper-red; but the leaves of plain green or variegated in white or yellow are decorative all the year.

Vinca major, the old-fashioned "band plant" or "cut finger," is the most common of all the periwinkles. Most of the year it spreads rapidly, the shoots rooting at the tip.

The shrubby *Vinca rosea* is a native of the tropics, and likes warm sunny places. It grows happily from cuttings and flowers all the year.



VINCA ROSEA, the "Mada-gascar periwinkle." Pick a piece, plant it. Stop the bush at any size you want. There are pinks, reds, crimsons, white, orange, mauve.

Gardening Book — page 125

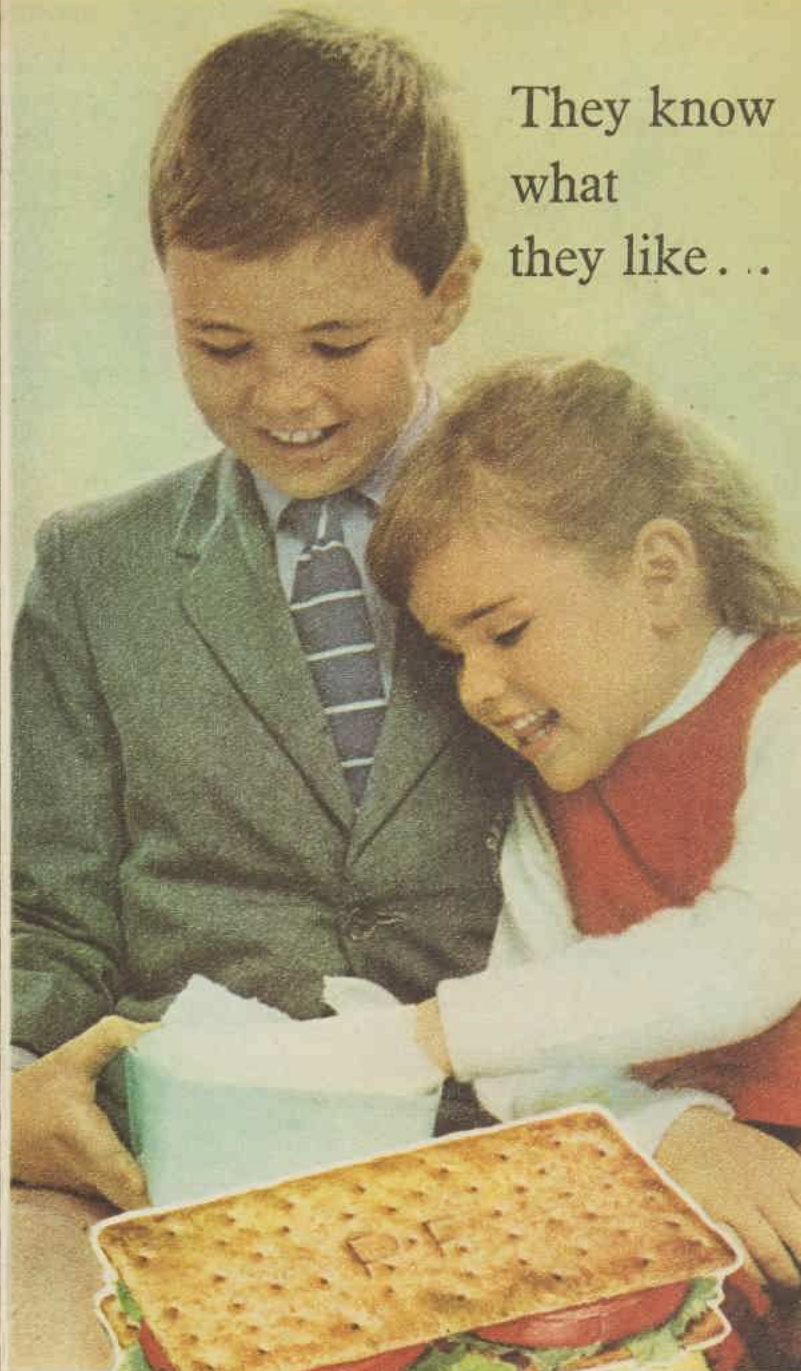
VINCA major variegata is grown as much for the charming creamy white striped leaves as for the blue flowers. Here, in a Canberra garden, it has been used to soften the lines of a low brick wall.



VINCA minor Caeruleo-Plenax — big name for such a little plant. This delightful baby periwinkle has double deep blue flowers and spreads only to a two-foot mat. It is very hardy and suitable for rockeries. Spring flowering.

Gardening Book — page 127

They know
what
they like...



you know what's good for them

Peek Frean's
Vita-Weat

School lunches can be a problem during Lent—but not when you have Vita-Weat in the house! Simply make tempting Vita-Weat 'sandwiches' with fish, cheese, tomatoes, eggs or any favourite spread. They REALLY stay fresh till lunchtime... and they're just what youngsters need to build sturdy bodies and healthy teeth.

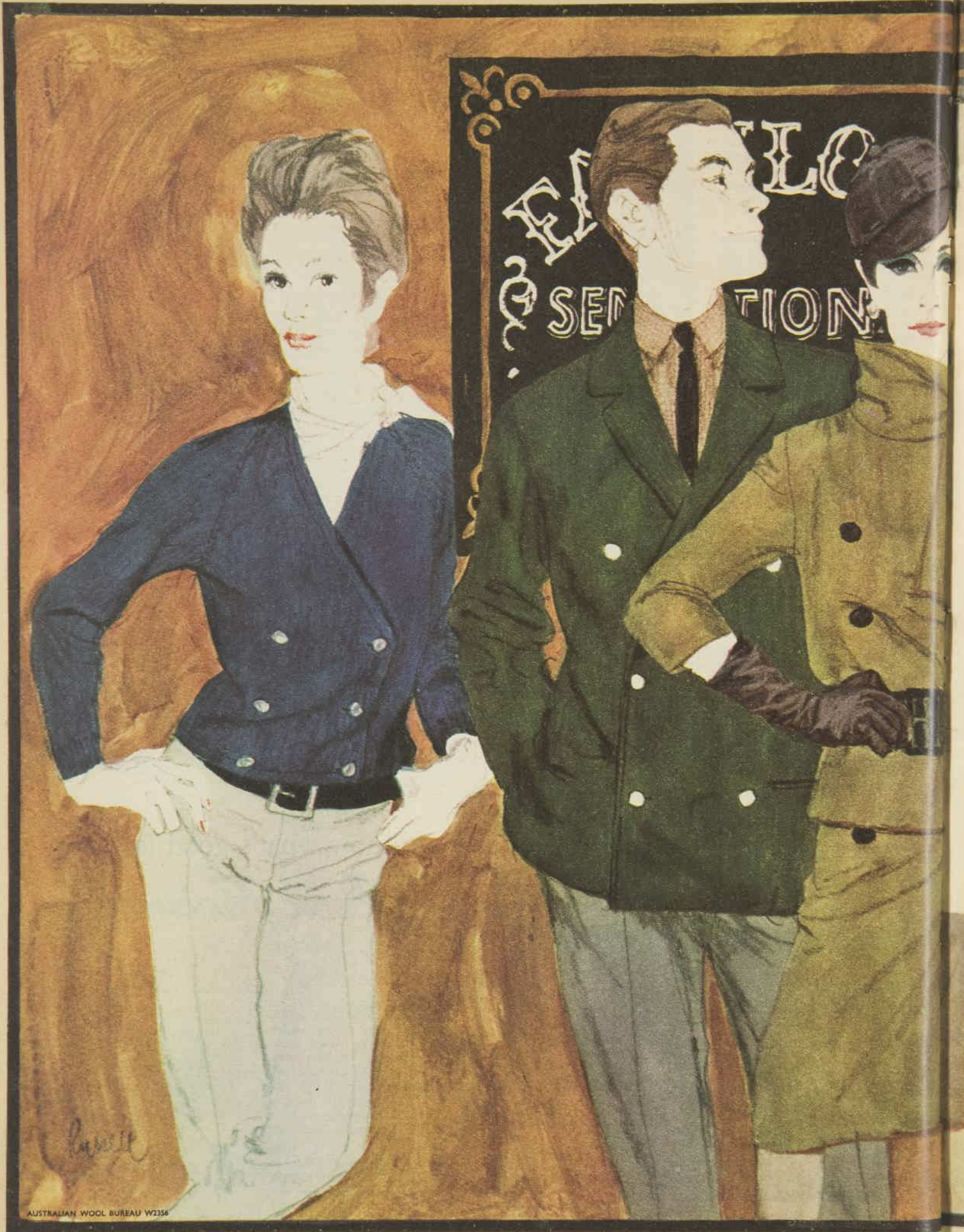
A special salt-free Vita-Weat for medical diets is also now available. Look for the distinctive green pack.



**BUY THE VITA-WEAT LENTEN SUGGESTIONS
NOW DISPLAYED IN YOUR STORE**

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Page 59



WANTED

WOOL'S WILD COLONIAL COLOURS

Rewards — colours that set a mood as explosive as the *Bounty* Mutiny, as female as petticoats and crinolines. Wool's Wild Colonial Colours emerge from the time when Sydney town was a rip-roaring sprawl of bluestone barracks and bullock tracks—from convict beginnings and gold rush days. "Redcoat" — bold and brilliant . . . "Pioneer Green" — the lush, new green the explorers discovered . . . "Raw Whisky" — strong and fiery. Wild Colonial Colours are in wool alone. Find them in handknitting and knitwear departments of all leading stores.

Shown here, left to right: Weskit by Patons & Baldwins handknitted in "Botany Blue". Supreme Award winner by La Turista in "Ned Kelly Green" from the Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards for 1963 — Woolknit suit by Brotex in "Camel". Handknit by Villawool in "Saltbush". Designer's Award jacket by La Turista in "Bluestone".

WOOL



"It may be to you," said the younger man testily, "but it didn't to me. Our rooms were on different floors, and, in case it is of any interest to you, I slept badly. At eight o'clock the next morning we took the road again, this time for Florence. That was Wednesday. We spent all day and night in Florence. For lunch and dinner we ate spaghetti, cheese, fruit, and red wine."

"Most interesting! But tell me, Marco, surely amid all the beauty and interest with which Florence is packed, you made some progress . . . where Mary Smith is concerned?"

"No, none at all. We were too busy all day and too tired at night. Everything was done in a great hurry, you must understand."

Augusto was called to the phone. After a few words he beckoned to Marco. "A police officer reports that a Miss Mary Smith is drinking coffee at the Hotel Belvedere in the Cimiez Quartier. She is American, a lady of uncertain age, and has a wart on her chin."

"The wrong Mary Smith," said Marco.

"I suspected as much," observed Augusto. "But do not despair, for at this minute more than four hundred members of the city police—all of them Corsicans—are combing through the registers of the hotels in Nice."

"Which reminds me," said Marco, "that we have not discussed the matter of your fee. Four hundred men looking for Mary sounds rather expensive."

"Between brother Corsicans," said the detective to Marco, "there can be no question at all of a fee."

Under further questioning, it came out that, in Florence, Mary Smith and Marco had eaten spaghetti for dinner.

"For an American, Marco," said the detective, "you seem more than ordinarily addicted to spaghetti."

"Frankly, since you have raised the matter," said Marco uncomfortably, "I don't care much for spaghetti. I've been eating it for the same reason that Italians eat it, I guess. It's cheap and filling."

Continuing . . . SEARCH FOR MARY SMITH

economical dinner, one supposes?"

Marco nodded. "We quarrelled that night. I forget what about."

"Excellent, excellent! Piacenza marks a definite step forward, for people who are not in love do not trouble to quarrel. Were you able to patch the quarrel that night?"

"No. I tried to, but she went off angrily to bed."

"That is a pity, because patching a quarrel is even more important than the quarrel itself, and much more pleasant. But tell me, Marco, would you not regard it as possible that this quarrel sprang less from love than from some little gastric trouble? I am sure that Mary Smith is a young woman of deli-

from page 38

cacy and refinement and, doubtless, accustomed to a . . . well, somewhat more varied diet."

"But," Marco blustered, "the spaghetti was Mary's idea."

"It could be, my friend, that Mary Smith was being kinder to your purse than to her stomach."

Marco looked at his watch. "If I do not see her tonight, chances are I will never see her again. I'm worried. I do not know her address and she does not know mine. There are thousands of Mary Smiths in Los Angeles, and I must fly to New York on Monday."

"Now," said the detective, "I begin to understand why you are a man in a hurry. But be of good heart and be assured that Mary Smith will fall into my net. Meanwhile, as my client, I insist that you have something to eat to sustain you against your anxiety and the long journey ahead of you. I will telephone to the Widow Bonaventura, whose restaurant serves the best filet mignon in all Nice, and at half the price elsewhere, informing her of your illustrious near-ancestor and requesting her to treat you with the utmost consideration. Nor would it surprise me to learn that on arrival there you find Mary Smith ahead of you."

"Why?" asked Marco confused.

"Because Mary Smith, being a young woman of good sense and a stranger to Nice, would naturally ask a policeman where to eat. The policeman, being in all probability a Corsican, would at once send her to the Widow Bonaventura."

"Why?"

"Because her husband was killed by the assassin who crippled me, and it would be unthinkable that Mary Smith would be directed elsewhere. She, poor girl, after eating nothing but spaghetti since Monday, is probably far more concerned to have some good red meat than to find a bed, which would explain why she is not registered at a hotel. I will telephone the Widow Bonaventura. Courage, Marco, courage."

To page 64

try changing
a woman's mind
when her
heart's set on
the best



One of the nicest things about being a woman is you know what you want. When you decide you want only the finest decorative surfacing, the brand you choose is Laminex. You know tests have proved Laminex surfacing more resistant to wear, stains and heat. You know Laminex was first on the market and today — 15 years later — it's still first choice with Australian women. (There must be good reason for that!) When you've set your heart on genuine Laminex brand surfacing, surely nothing can change your mind.

LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

LAMINEX
BRAND

GUARANTEED SURFACING



"Ah! The reason is economic rather than gastronomic! I begin to understand. So many Americans give the impression of having limitless money that one forgets that you also have poor."

"I'm not poor," said Marco indignantly. "I just don't have any money. I work in an architect's office and, until I am fully qualified, I am paid just enough to live on. How could I know," he asked with a shrug, "that I was going to meet Mary Smith and buy her meals for five days? There's a difference, even if you can't see it, between being poor and just having no money."

Once again the Corsican was called to the phone, where he spoke briefly. "My spies are everywhere," he reported to Marco, panting with the effort of having moved across the cafe twice. "The net is closing in and soon, you will see, Mary Smith will be caught in it. She cannot escape. In the meantime, tell me if anything occurred at Bologna, or later, which might shed some light upon her movements tonight."

"We lunched in Bologna, the same menu, and went on to Piacenza for the night. At Piacenza we had dinner and stayed the night."

"The usual nourishing and

Opulence beyond your dreams...



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**A dazzling new surfacing pattern
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Tiffany, the newest pattern in LAMINEX brand surfacing, brings you some of the elegance and high fashion of New York's Fifth Avenue. With its graceful tracery of silver and gold, Tiffany is destined to bring new richness to your home.

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try changing
a woman's mind
when her
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LOVELIER FOR A LIFETIME

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GUARANTEED SURFACING



a product of



Continuing . . . SEARCH FOR MARY SMITH

from page 62

Marco's private reflection as he set out was that Augusto Beveraggi, whose intentions were kindly, was an amiable windbag, and hopes of finding Mary Smith having dwindled to vanishing point, and he having eaten nothing since coffee and rolls in the early morning, Marco could think of little else but food, although, according to romantic literature, love was supposed to destroy appetite.

Madame Bonaventura's was empty and madame herself was standing at the door, taking the air, when Marco arrived. "I am proud to have the descendant of Pasquale Paoli at my table," she said in greeting. "If monsieur will

be seated, his filet mignon is ready for he fire."

The street door opened, but Marco did not turn his head, for he had eyes for nothing but the grill at the far end of the restaurant, with its appetising smells and sounds. Then, like some elaborate conjuring trick, Mary Smith was sitting in the chair opposite him. Before either could speak, Madame Bonaventura arrived, beaming, with two steaks and wished them "Bon appetit!"

Mary broke the silence, "When you eat with me," she said, "it's

spaghetti twice a day, but when you're alone it's steak . . . steaks!" "Eat yours before it gets cold," said Marco calmly.

"Don't try to tell me that you ordered one of these for me, Marco Paoli, because I don't believe it." "I don't ask you to believe, Mary. I'm asking you to eat."

Neither of them spoke again until their plates were empty.

"That was good!" said Mary with a deep sigh of contentment. "I'll bet you were sorry when I came in the door and ate your second one. You see, Marco, I know you didn't order it for me, because you couldn't have known that of all the restaurants in Nice I would pick this one. What's more, that steak I've just eaten must have been on the grill and cooking before I even knew that I was coming here."

"But not before I did," retorted Marco, realising, like that great Corsican Napoleon Bonaparte, that attack was the most effective defence.

"But it's impossible," said Mary angrily. "How could you have known what I intended to do before I knew it myself? You're talking nonsense."

"Your intentions had nothing to do with the matter," said Marco calmly. "You asked a policeman where you could find a good steak and he, being a Corsican, sent you here."

"How do you know that?" asked Mary.

"Because I, also, am a Corsican." "You didn't tell me."

"You didn't ask."

"But even if you are a Corsican — which I doubt — what has that to do with a policeman sending me here?"

"The Widow Bonaventura, who owns this place, is a Corsican — and so are the four hundred-odd policemen I had scouring Nice trying to find you. Why didn't you register at a hotel?"

"How do you know I didn't?"

"Until forty-five minutes ago, you weren't registered anywhere in Nice."

THAT shook her. "When you didn't arrive with the bus," she said, "I decided to go on to Paris tonight by air. Why didn't you arrive? Too busy eating steaks, I suppose."

"I had a breakdown near Alassio and a flat tyre at Ventimiglia."

"I waited hours for you."

"You waited only one hour. The driver of the bus —"

"You seem to have got around in Nice."

"Of course, I am Corsican by blood. I think it would be a good idea if we had a honeymoon in Corsica, don't you?"

"I'd have to have a written guarantee that you wouldn't feed me spaghetti, and even then I'd like to think about it . . ."

All the foregoing is ancient history. Mary Smith is now Mary Paoli. Marco is a qualified architect on the way up, but the household budget is so slender that spaghetti figures prominently on the menu. Steak is strictly for high days and holidays, and is eaten in thoughtful silence, for it recalls memories which, like all mysteries, tend to be uncomfortable.

When a son was born, there was the question of a name for him.

"My choice is my own name — Marco. What's yours?"

"Augusto," replied Mary quietly. "Someone of that name was once very kind to me . . . so kind that, without him, we would never have had a son at all."

Marco blinked and swallowed hard, for someone called Augusto had once been very kind to him, too, and he blamed himself for not remembering it often enough. "Then Marco Augusto he shall be," he agreed. "They are both good Corsican names."

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"I find Rinso's suds work wonders"

"I've got to hand it to Rinso suds," says Mrs. Williams. "No matter how big my wash, Rinso gets everything beautifully white and bright."



"My family just loves a picnic — and so do I. But what a wash I have to face the next day! I don't have to worry though. The tougher the dirt, the better Rinso suds work."



"Rinso gets things beautifully white, that's for sure. It's because Rinso's suds are so much richer — gentler, too. I feel Rinso is really taking care of my wash."



"The washing up's under control — as long as Rinso's handy. The girls like the way those rich suds swish up — and I can count on sparkling dishes in no time."

The richer the suds the whiter and brighter the wash and

... RINSO has the richest suds of all!

For extra whiteness, extra brightness in your wash, you need plenty of good rich suds. The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash — and Rinso has the richest suds of all. They work harder, last longer. So take a tip from Mrs. Williams and most other Australian women — next washday get that extra whiteness, extra brightness with Rinso's suds . . . the richest suds of all.

Rinso is the Only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines



Z.382.WWJPC

Continuing . . .

THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 39

Boxer, the boss—he was my present wife's father—was more than hot on that sort of thing. Originally he came from my own home village in Norfolk, and when my mother was left a widow she sent me up to him to learn the trade. I was bound, all right, you never saw such a document!

"I know. They are tough, those apprenticeship contracts. Did you go into the R.A.F. as unmarried?"

Cornish nodded. "I had to. Old Fred was backing my papers. Besides, if you remember nothing like that seemed to matter very much just then. There was no discernible future."

"So you went off to Yorkshire—sent all over the place in the first draft, I suppose, as an unmarried man?"

The Councillor continued to smile. "She followed me whenever she could. She was younger in years than I was but older in intelligence. A city girl and a country boy, that's what we were. She

Scotland by that time I wasn't surprised. She kept saying she'd see me in October, I remember. I had letter after letter full of everything but the important subject."

Luke's wide mouth twisted. "Then the balloon went up?" he suggested.

"On the second of September. We were ordered overseas. I sent her a telegram to her aunt's address in the Turk Street Mile and got one back to say she was in St. Saviour's Hospital, Ebbfield. That was the one which got the direct hit from a V2 at the end of the war."

He moved uneasily in his chair and ran his hand over his head and ear in the gesture Julia had recognised. "I had an hour, I remember. I didn't know what to do and I panicked. I remember a fatherly old Flight explaining to me patiently that I was on active service and if

at last I got back a very long time later there was no sign of her or the house. You couldn't even see where it had been. I found out that the whole street had been evacuated soon after hostilities began. The authorities were terrified of the tinder-box areas and they emptied them as soon as they could. There were no raids at first, though, and many people had trickled back by the time the bombs fell, so the old lady may have gone with her home. She liked it. It wasn't as bad as most in Turk Street." He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyway, I never got an answer and the hospital merely referred me to her as the next of kin given. It had been cleared for casualties on the outbreak of war, and although they confirmed the death of my wife in childbirth there was nothing on the form about the child. I accepted the double death and put it out of my mind. Things were happening to me by then, and I suppose I didn't want to know, either. We were sent to Canada and I came back a navigator. I had a most inglorious war. Having cost the country a packet to train I went out on my first raid, got shot down, and went straight into the bag. It took me two years to get away."

HE laughed briefly and shook his head. "So there you are," he said. "That old sissy Eustace Kinnit irritated me this morning. He said something about a romantic tale told to the boy by a nurse. No nurse made up a tale like the real one. Well, that's it briefly. You can guess what happened when I got back at last. I'd had rheumatic fever whilst a P.O.W. and my heart was gippy."

"Where were the Boxer and Coombe works then?"

"Out at Epsom. We only got back here after old Fred died in '48."

"I'd just married his only daughter, Marion, a nice girl. I'd always liked her. She knows nothing whatever about this story, by the way."

"And that," Luke said presently, "is not all, I take it? Now we arrive at the bit which made you come to see me."

"Neither bigamy nor blackmail, Superintendent," Cornish said briskly. "I think I could have met either of those with less embarrassment. My difficulty is that I have the son of that marriage complete with his birth certificate, and he's a very awkward young customer, but not, I think, entirely to blame for what he is—and does. The time has come when I feel I've got to clear my mind about him, and so I've forced myself to come to you."

"I see, sir," Luke had become remarkably cautious. "How do you mean 'you have him'?"

"I know him. I support him. His name is Barry Cornish."

"Address?" Luke inquired. "I don't know it at this moment, but I could find him. At any rate he'll appear at the end of the month. I first heard of Barry at the end of '47 when the Trays returned to their shop. They'd been in the West Country all

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did the thinking for both of us and I let her."

"What did she live on? Got jobs, I suppose?"

"Yes. Waitress, nursemaid, anything. She was that kind of woman . . . independent, capable, and wonderfully gay." He looked up and made a gesture of resignation which was disarming. "That's the key to the whole story. That's how it happened and why this boy, Timothy, has knocked me endways. People keep mentioning that he resembles me. But to me he not only looks like her but he is her. He's treating his own poor little girl now just as she treated me. He's keeping her out of it, suffering all alone. I didn't know, you see. It never went through my mind."

"You didn't know she was having a child, you mean?" Luke, whose own experiences were still very close to him, was deeply interested and sympathetic.

"It never entered my head," Cornish said. "As the time must have gone on she wrote instead of coming, but as I'd been moved to

I deserted I'd be shot. I telephoned at last, but I didn't know if she'd gone in as Miss or Mrs. and they couldn't find her. Finally I heard them say Maternity Ward and I didn't understand even then. It meant nothing to me. I was still thinking of a street accident; that's what hospitals spelt to me at that time."

"Then they asked if I was the husband, and when I told them I was they said they were afraid they had bad news. By this time the lories were starting and the Flight was pulling my tunic. 'How bad?' I said. 'I'm sorry,' the voice was kind but sweet-sweet, if you know what I mean, 'she died peacefully ten minutes ago.' I just hung up."

The eyes which met Luke's were still astonished. "I just hung up," he repeated. "I went out with the Flight and we ran for the transports. It never even occurred to me that there might have been a baby until days later when we were in France."

"I wrote to her aunt, but there was no reply, and when

Pain and its relief...

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO EVERY WOMAN

What you should know about the formula of

Alka-Seltzer

Trade Mark

and its unique dual action

Alka-Seltzer is a family home remedy

for the safe relief of commonplace ailments

which affect most people from time to time

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Headache . . . muscular aches and pains from over-exertion or unaccustomed activity . . . nerve pain—all these respond to the soothing relief which Alka-Seltzer so speedily provides.

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Rich food, too much food or drink, hurried or irregular meals—these may all cause abdominal discomfort and a feeling of "fullness," or the distress of heartburn, flatulence—even nausea.

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It is the world's most popular dual-purpose remedy. It has been widely used as a family home remedy throughout the world since 1928. Each Alka-Seltzer tablet contains 5 grains of acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) with an effervescent base of citric acid (14.9 grains) and sodium bicarbonate (25.1 grains). (Alka-Seltzer does not contain phenacetin, or codeine.) However, the user does not take Alka-Seltzer in tablet form.

Alka-Seltzer must ALWAYS be taken in water! It then becomes a solution which contains:

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The pain reliever contained in Alka-Seltzer is quickly absorbed into the system. The sodium citrate in Alka-Seltzer solution buffers excess stomach acidity and the carbonated solution quiets upset stomach, giving quick relief.

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fore "instant" relief is impossible! But Alka-Seltzer is pre-dissolved! Because it is taken as a liquid, it goes to work so much more rapidly!

Alka-Seltzer and safety

Alka-Seltzer is a home remedy for relief of symptoms of simple complaints. It is not a tranquilliser or a pep drug and, like any other medicine, it should only be used when there is a need.

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What is the Alka-Seltzer dosage?

For Adults—one or two tablets in water as required. Not more than 12 tablets should be taken in any 24-hour period.

For Children: 3-5 years . . . 1/2 tablet
6-12 years . . . 1 tablet
Over 12 years . . . same as adults (1-2 tablets)

Dose may be repeated not more often than 4 hourly. Alka-Seltzer should not be given to children under 3 years without medical advice.

(Note: Alka-Seltzer solution contains a salt of aspirin and should not be taken by people whose doctor has advised them not to take aspirin, nor by those who are on a salt-reduced diet.)

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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through the war." The Councilor sounded as if he were dictating and Luke coughed.

"I shan't take it down at this moment, sir," he murmured. "Just let it come out as it will. We'll sort it out later. Where were you at that time?"

"In Epsom still. My father-in-law was ill and Marion and I were due to inherit the business and the house where we live now. Our premises had escaped and we were moving the works back to London. I had put up for the Council. I was always keen on social works, and the state the place was in made me mad to get at it and see if I couldn't get a better deal for people."

"Then the boy turned up," Cornish said. "I was reached through the Trays as soon as the shop opened again. The only thing which existed to lead to me was the envelope of a letter I had written to his mother at that address. It was in a little cardboard writing folder she had had with her in hospital, tucked in the back. The birth certificate was there and so was our marriage certificate and half a letter written to me."

His voice betrayed him and he pulled himself up savagely. "Still no mention of the child, even though she was dying, silly girl. Only her love, and wishing I was with her and worrying how I was."

"I haven't got this," Luke said. "The child didn't come alone, surely?"

"Oh no, of course not. It was the nuns who brought him." Cornish was peering at him earnestly. "I'd have taken an entirely different line if it hadn't been for them. You must believe that. There's a lot in my life that I reproach myself for, but if they hadn't been there to look after him you must believe me that I'd have done something more than merely paying. I'd have told Marion—"

HE broke off and Luke leant across the table. "Look, sir," he said, "don't worry. I believe every word you're saying. There's only one really impossible thing about the truth and that's how to tell it. The nuns brought the child to you, did they? Who were they, Sisters of Mercy?"

"Nuns of the Good Shepherd. They've got a rather poor but very good place in Crusader's Row, almost into Islington. Do you know it?"

Luke waved him on. "Wonderful people," he said. "How long had they had him? Just tell me the story as it comes . . . start from the first interview. Where did it take place?"

"At Tray's shop. Doris Tray wrote me a note at the works asking me to step down there. When I did she told me how some nuns had come round asking if she knew me. We fixed a meeting and two of them turned up and showed me a little cardboard attache-case. It had this writing compendium in it and a broken comb and a strap. That was all, the sisters were very kind."

"The story they told me was so damn silly I knew it must be true," he said. "There was a woman who was slightly 'sub-normal,' they said. They didn't call her that

but they made it perfectly clear. She had been a casual, part-time ward-maid at St. Saviour's, Ebbfield, at the outbreak of war. The whole hospital had been in a panic getting ready to be cleared for the expected blitz casualties and she was frightened by all the talk. She heard that mothers of newly born babies had been issued with pink tickets, which entitled them to a seat on a bus to take them to complete safety as soon as the warning came. Because she was terrified she stole the suitcase of a patient who had died in childbirth, went down to the creche part of the hospital or whatever they call it, presented the other woman's credentials and got the baby. Then she went off to join the bus. That was on the Sunday morning, September 3rd."

Luke sat back in his chair. "Blow me down!" he said inelegantly.

Cornish met his eyes. "I know the type of woman, don't you?"

"Yes! A right nit! We breed 'em in the cities. Too little grub, too little air, too much of everything else including noise. The hospital must have accepted her story that she was the next of kin and been pretty relieved to see her if they were clearing the wards for casualties. So she went on the bus with the child and the suitcase?"

"No. Not the suitcase. The little attache-case I saw had been inside a larger affair containing clothes, I understood. She found this too heavy to carry as well as the child so she left it, if you please, with the porter of the hospital and asked him to have it sent to her own address, which was some digs in Bethnal Green. Are you with me?"

"Utterly. The landlady kept the suitcase quite safely, I suppose?"

"She did," Cornish said. "That's another amazing part of the story, to my mind. She put it in a cupboard and thought no more about it until five years later when she happened to see the girl again in a bus queue. She'd been in London all the time. The house had stood up to all the raids. The bag was still there unopened under a pile of junk, exactly as it had been placed when the porter sent it round out of the kindness of his heart. The nuns of the Good Shepherd reproached me for finding it extraordinary. It was willed that the papers should survive, they said."

"This evacuees' bus," Luke began cautiously, "where did it go—Suffolk?" The Councilor interrupted him.

"One could make it fit!" The Councilor said. "One could want it to fit so much that one could deceive oneself and everybody else. Any one would rather have a splendid, intelligent, decent, good-looking, honest boy than—well, than what I have. I haven't told you about Barry yet. It's the thing I came to tell you and still I haven't brought myself to do it. He's abnormal, Superintendent. It was apparent when he was a child. That was why I felt I couldn't ask Marion to take him into our home and why I left him with the nuns."

"Is he what they call a mongol, sir?" Luke murmured.

"Not quite. But he's not right. Yet he's not a fool. I wish he were. In some ways he's damnably intelligent. Horribly so."

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YOU CAN RELY ON ALKA-SELTZER—IT REALLY WORKS.

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

"What exactly are you trying to tell me about this boy of yours, Mr. Cornish? You're thinking of the fire and the flat-wrecking, aren't you?"

"I don't know anything, mind you. But as soon as I realised that the probable reason for the attack on the flat was an attempt to frighten a private detective off an inquiry into the history of a baby evacuated from Turk Street on the first day of World War II, I thought of my son, Barry. It's the sort of interference which might make him very excited. Agnes Leach keeps in touch with Ebbfield gossip. He would hear about it from her."

"Who did you think had employed the detective?"

"I knew. The police told me, Alison Kinnit. I associated her with Miss Acheson and I thought she had done it in an attempt to find out something to discredit me."

"Really?" Luke sounded amazed, and a touch of color appeared in the Councillor's thin cheeks.

"Now I've met her socially I see that's unlikely," he admitted. "But you've no idea what she's like in committee, she gives you the impression she'd fight with no holds barred."

Luke's smile escaped, despite himself, but he made no comment.

"When this boy Barry gets excited is he liable to do dangerous and even criminal things, sir?"

CORNISH nodded. It was an admission which he had prepared himself to make, but he still found it difficult.

"All his life he has been frighteningly awkward. The Nuns of the Good Shepherd passed him on to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who specialise in caring for that sort of case. He became too much for them and he went to some Brothers, who wouldn't keep him."

Luke began to understand very clearly. "Has he got a record?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well," the Superintendent made it sound a relief, "don't distress yourself, sir. I'll look him up. We probably know more about him than you do. Does he live alone in the normal way?"

"No. I should have felt more guilty still about him if he had, but this Mrs. Leach . . ."

"The ward-maid?"

"The ward-maid, Agnes Leach, has been quite touchingly faithful to him. Through all his vicissitudes she has always been about. Actually, I pay his allowance to her now, so that he keeps it for at least a day or so."

"And yet you really believe . . . ?" Luke bit back the rest of the sentence. "She's good to him, anyway," he said instead and made a note.

The Councillor had risen and now stood looking at him with a stern dignity which was yet homely enough not to appear absurd.

"You know what you're forgetting, Luke," he said, using the name as if they were friends for the first time. "You're overlooking the facts, man. The boy is my son. He's got written proof. He's got his papers."

The Superintendent was taken aback. It was an aspect of the situation, a purely legal one, which had indeed escaped him entirely in the emotional problem.

"Who is to judge the age of a youngster?" Cornish asked. "Is a squinting, backward baby four years or three? Or a gangling teenager twenty or nineteen?" He held out his hand. "Well, there you are," he said. "I shall do what I can for him as I always have. You must be prepared for that, but these dreadful acts of destruction must be stopped. I see that. Look up your files and I'm afraid you'll find him, under 'Cornish' alias 'Leach.' He always uses his own name when he's in trouble. He has his papers, you see?"

As soon as Luke got back to his own room he told his clerk to find Mr. Campion. "Wherever he is," he said, "and get him on the line. Meanwhile, I want details of a youngster called Barry Cornish. There'll be a juvenile record."

Twenty minutes later he was

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talking over the telephone to his old friend.

"Campion, I want to see you right away. Quicker than soon. It's quite a story and quite a development. I think we've got our delinquent. He has a record like a horror comic strip, Campion?"

"Wait a minute," Mr. Campion's light voice, which still had its characteristic streak of vagueness, came gently to him over the wires. "I'm at the Well House. The Kinnits' home, you know. There's a bit of a flap on. The nurse I told you about, Mrs. Broome, has just come in with the story that she has again met the woman who brought

Timothy to Angevin with the other evacuees all those years ago. What? Oh, yes. She says she knew her at once. She was in the cemetery snooping round the governess' grave."

"Come, Miss Julia. You sit in the old basket chair while Mr. Tim and I get supper ready. We must get a tray for the gentlemen. I shall give them theirs in the study. Then they won't come and bother us down here. Come along, Tim. There are four places to be laid on the kitchen table. We'll give Mrs. Telfer something down here with us, shall we? Poor thing, she won't want to eat alone even if she is so

To page 69



WHY
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OF IT
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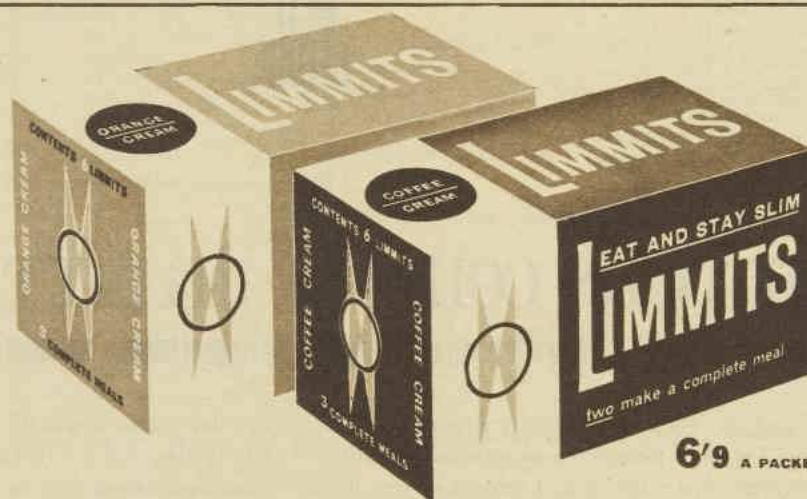
LITTLE GEMS by GALA OF LONDON



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TABLE OF RECOMMENDED IDEAL WEIGHTS
(20-30 years, weight without clothing, medium build)

WOMEN				MEN			
ft.	ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.	25 yrs. sts. lbs.	30 yrs. sts. lbs.	ft.	ins.	20 yrs. sts. lbs.
5	0	7 11	7 12	8 2	5	2	8 2
5	1	8 0	8 2	8 4	5	3	8 5
5	2	8 2	8 5	8 7	5	4	8 9
5	3	8 5	8 8	8 11	5	5	8 13
5	4	8 8	8 11	9 0	5	6	9 0
5	5	8 12	9 1	9 4	5	7	9 7
5	6	9 2	9 5	9 7	5	8	9 10
5	7	9 6	9 8	9 11	5	9	10 1
5	8	9 8	9 12	10 1	5	10	10 5
5	9	9 12	10 2	10 4	5	11	10 9
5	10	10 2	10 5	10 8	6	0	11 3
5	11	10 7	10 9	10 12	6	1	11 6
					6	2	12 2
					6	3	12 7

N.B. The ideal weight at 30 years should be maintained for the rest of your life.
Based on figures prepared by the Institute of Life Extension Examiners, New York, U.S.A.

L321

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 3, 1963

rich! But they're very busy talking about something I was able to tell them, Miss Julia." She was bursting with her news and carefully avoided Timothy's warning glance. "I happened to go out today and I . . ."

"What about Alison and Aich?" Timothy interrupted her ruthlessly. "Where are they feeding?"

"Oh, they're going to the Art-Lovers' Club." Mrs. Broome was sidetracked. "You finish this table, Mr. Tim, and I'll slip up to the dining-room pantry and fix the tray and find the wine." She bustled out of the room, but put her head back inside the door immediately afterwards.

"Make him tell you about what I found in the cemetery, Miss," she said and fled before she saw his reaction.

For once she had misjudged the situation, however, for the instant they were alone they were in each other's arms, too wearily frustrated to care about any mystery save one.

"Look, darling," Julia said, "before she comes back, I've got to tell you. I had a sort of extraordinary experience down in Ebbfield at the cobbler's shop. I heard someone say Basil Kinnit. Do you think . . .?"

"Basil Kinnit? There's no such person."

"I know. That's what I thought. But it couldn't be a coincidence because it's an unusual name and, anyway, Basil's in it, isn't he?"

"Basil Toberman?"

"Of course." They were whispering without knowing why. "He started it all, didn't

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he? He hates you — he hates us both."

"It's ridiculous," he said. But stopped to listen. Someone was coming down the flight of wooden stairs which led from the ground floor to the half-basement in which the kitchen was built at the end of the entrance yard.

Timothy got up and Mrs. Telfer came in and nodded to them.

"Mrs. Broome tells me we are to have a meal down

Miss Saxon's funeral," he said. "While she was there she ran into a woman whom she fancied she recognised, and afterwards she decided it was the person who brought me down to Angevin when I was a baby. Naturally everybody is rather excited because I suppose there's a very good chance that she is my mother." He hesitated. "Nan won't have it, because she didn't take to her. She sounds something of a problem mum!"

"That could be very useful and interesting," Julia said

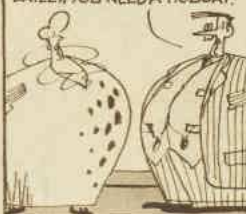
"Everybody wants to hear it from me. Naturally I was surprised to see a lady kneeling at the grave because she wasn't one of us. I went up softly and, not liking to disturb her in case she was someone we knew, I put the new wreath up against a headstone behind her and went off to get some water. I thought there must be a tap somewhere and I could see the poor tired flowers could do with a nice fresh sprinkle."

"Had she seen you?" Timothy inquired.

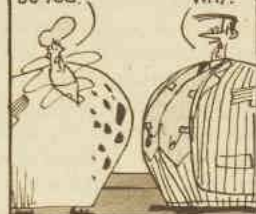
"I don't think so. Not then.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

DEAR, YOU'RE LOOKING AGED LATELY, YOU NEED A HOLIDAY!



AND SO DO YOU!



WHY? FOR BEING SO OBSERVANT!!!



By RUD

here," she remarked. "She is still very excited about her encounter. It's quite an extraordinary chance that she should have found the woman there, of all places. Oh — haven't you told Julia about it yet, Timothy?"

He swung round and addressed the girl who was still sitting in the chair.

"Nan went over to the cemetery to take a wreath which arrived too late for

slowly. "I suppose people do recognise each other after twenty years?"

Mrs. Telfer laughed gently. "One can see how young you are!" she said. "Did the other woman recognise Mrs. Broome? I shouldn't think she'd changed since the day she was born."

Timothy looked startled. "No one seems to have thought of that. I'll ask Nan. Here she comes."

But when I came back with the water she was sitting back on her heels looking at the label on the wreath I'd just brought."

"You mean the card," Julia spoke absently.

"No. I don't. I mean the label. I didn't take the wreath out of its wrappings to carry it there, particularly since I was going by bus: so the label was still on it. It was sent 'Care of Kinnit' to

our address here and there was the name and address of the people who had sent it, too — somewhere in Africa. Well, this lady was squatting there reading it. So I said, 'Excuse me, please' and took it away."

"As I put it with the rest of the rubbish to go into the litter bin, I said 'Well, I don't know, but everyone seems interested in you. First Mr. Basil and then a perfect stranger.' Then I looked at her and I was surprised, because I thought, My goodness! I have seen you before! But I couldn't think where until I was nearly home. The years had altered her. She was a silly girl in those days — she had adenoids, I shouldn't wonder — but she wasn't downright awful like she is now."

"I've lost the thread of all this," Mrs. Telfer intervened with sudden irritation. "What did you mean when you said Mr. Toberman was interested in the label on the wreath?"

"Well, he was. He copied it down in his notebook, didn't he? I thought you saw him. You were at the top of the stairs."

"Really? Was this yesterday evening when it arrived?" She seemed amazed. "What an extraordinary thing for him to do! I'm afraid I find the whole story amazing. Are you sure you recognised this woman by poor Miss Saxon's grave?"

"Perfectly. Her face came back to me. I told you. I kept thinking about her and then when I was nearly there, 'My goodness!' I said. 'That's who it was!'"

"Did she know you?"

"If she did know me she didn't say so, but she did have a silly sly smile on her face, now you come to mention it. It would be funny

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

if she didn't recognise me, wouldn't it? I haven't got any older at all, everybody says that." She turned away. "Now I must get on with your meal and hurry. I'm to see the police, Mr. Tim. First you and now me."

She tossed the small grenade lightly into the conversation and busied herself at the sink. "Mr. Campion told me," she said over her shoulder. "He and Mr. Eustace were full of it when I took the tray up from the pantry. As soon as I've seen to you all down here I'm to slip into a dark coat and go with Mr. Campion to see somebody called Superintendent Luke."

"Officially?" Julia got the question in before Timothy could

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speak. Mrs. Broome turned to look at her reproachfully.

"Not quite," she admitted regretfully. "I'm not going to headquarters and I said I'd rather not go to a public house, so I shall meet him out."

"Why doesn't the Superintendent come here?" Tim, fresh from his own experience, was apprehensive.

"He doesn't want to." Mrs. Broome still talked with her back to him. "I asked Mr. Campion that and he explained that it's a question of etiquette. So, of course, I understood at once."

She bustled out through a door

at the back of the room and Timothy looked at Julia, his eyebrows raised.

"What's your chum playing at, do you know?"

"I don't." She was wary. "Superintendent Luke is all right, only very high-powered. I'm surprised, though, I didn't think he'd interfere unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless the Councillor talked to him. He conveyed that he might, but I didn't think he'd do it so soon."

"The Councillor?" Tim spoke in astonishment, but did not continue since Mrs. Telfer was watching them with polite interest. Finally,

as the silence grew longer, she spoke herself.

"Did you want to talk to him or were you just determined to get him out of the house before he drove Eustace out of his mind? I never saw a man so astounded in my life as when you carried him off like that."

Julia regarded her gravely.

"I liked him," she said. "He knows a great deal about Ebbfield. Did you like him, Timothy?"

"I did rather." He seemed surprised by the admission. "He's either very human or else he's just a type I happen to know and understand. He annoyed me, but I never felt I didn't know what he meant, which is odd because I'm rather slow on the uptake with strangers."

Julia sat hesitating, her eyes dark with indecision. "I was wondering,"

she began at last and was saved, or perhaps merely interrupted, by a shout from Mrs. Broome somewhere in the back of the building.

"What's happened here? Look at this!"

Both young people hurried out to her, entering first a white-washed passage of a type which still exists in old London houses, and then on to a square room which must once have been an outhouse before the city had closed not merely round but over it. It was lit by a single bulb hanging from a cracked ceiling and still possessed a flagged floor. Nanny Broome was looking up at the outer wall. Just under the ceiling there were three lunette windows, heavily barred and blacked out in the normal way by centuries of grime. Their bases were on a level with the pavement outside, a narrow way which was several feet lower than the road behind the house.

At the moment, however, a draught of cold, soot-laden air was flowing in freely through the centre window.

"See that?" Mrs. Broome demanded. "The glass has come clean out. It's simply gone, unless someone has cut it. Keep away from that, Mr. Tim, do, or you'll get yourself filthy."

TIM had swung himself up by two of the bars and now dropped back obediently, dusting his hands.

"There's no sign of it and the wire netting has gone, too," he said. "They do sweep along there, though. It serves as a fire escape from the basement of the factory beyond the warehouse next door and has to be kept clear. I expect the netting rotted and the glass fell out and broke and both were shovelled up by the scavengers."

"In that case they must work funny hours," Mrs. Broome said tartly. "It was perfectly all right at lunchtime. I'm in and out here in the mornings, but this evening I felt the fresh draught as soon as I set foot outside the kitchen door."

"What an extraordinary place," Mrs. Telfer came in cautiously, as if she were entering a cave, and Mrs. Broome frowned.

"It's antique, madam," she said sharply. "This is where the famous well was. It's under the floor where that ring is, full of medicine. That's why we can't do anything useful with the room, like making a laundry of it. Someone has been up to mischief with our window, trying to get in, I suppose."

"Nonsense, Nan," Timothy spoke soothingly. "No one could get through those bars; they can't be six inches apart."

"A rat could," said Mrs. Broome. "Come along out of here at once and we'll shut the door."

Julia was uneasy. "Oughtn't we to report it to the police?"

"I'll mention it," Mrs. Broome said grandly. "But, as Mr. Tim says, if those bars are no protection a bit of dirty glass certainly wouldn't be. If anyone was hoping to get in there they've been put off. Now all sit round the table, please, because I mustn't keep the gentlemen waiting."

On the whole, it was a relief when at last, some little time later, they persuaded her to leave them. Tim sighed when at last they heard the front door slam.

"Now we can start again," he said. "Geraldine, how about another tin of lovely pink soup?"

"Are you still eating? Splendid. We did hope we'd find you still at it." Miss Acheson, appearing suddenly in the doorway, took them by surprise.

"The club was shut," she said. "I'd been told, too. Alison was quite right. It had slipped my memory completely. So home we came, only to find Mrs. Broome on the doorstep being carried off by that pleasant Mr. Campion." Her smile was disarming. "I feel certain I can open a tin. You must tell me what to do, Tim. Alison won't mind as long as we steer clear of onions or red pepper."

Both young people rose to the occasion. Julia cleared a place and Tim gave up his seat.

"So this is where you all are!" Alison came flitting in with Eustace behind her.

"Don't worry about us," Alison

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sat down in Julia's place beside Miss Aicheson and smiled at everybody. "Eustace has had his sandwiches and I hardly want anything at all. What have you been eating, soup and cheese? How very nice. What are you doing down there, Eustace?"

"Looking at this fireplace. It's pure fourteenth century, much older than the house. The same period as the well, in fact. Have they shown you that, Geraldine?"

"I saw the slab over it just now. One of the windows has been broken in there. Julia thought it should be reported to the police."

"What? A window? Really? Tim, you didn't tell me this! I ought to have been informed at once!" Eustace was already on his way to inspect the trouble, Timothy behind him.

Soon Eustace returned to the room wiping his hands on his handkerchief and still talking to Timothy, who was behind him. "The bars are a complete protection but we'll report it in the morning and it must be repaired at once. I can't think it has been done deliberately, but—" An expression of dismay spread over his gentle face as a tremendous rattle and thump directly outside the door leading up into the house shook the whole basement.

Timothy pulled the door open and put his head out.

"Oh, it's you," he said.

"What's happened?" There was a pause and he glanced back into the room, trying not to appear amused. "It's Basil. He's slipped down the stairs. Get up, Basil. Are you all right?"

"Blasted Kinnits!" The

voice, which was unquestionably drunken, sounded tearful. "This is just the welcome I should expect. I've already been called Basil once tonight — just outside this inhospitable house. I've been asked by a perfect stranger, 'Are you Basil Kinnit?' What's the answer? That is the question. The answer is 'No.'"

"All right," Timothy sounded harassed. "Don't worry about it, old boy, just get up."

"But I do worry." The tears were more evident. "I hate the ruddy Kinnits and all their damned governesses, and let me tell you, Wonder Boy, I'm in a position to tell them something they don't all know."

"So you shall, chum, so you shall," Timothy was speaking whilst expending considerable exertion. "Just get up and you shall tell us all anything you like."

"Public house nothing! This is a hotel." Charlie Luke, sitting next to Mr. Campion, said, "I've invited you to come along, Mrs. Broome, because I want to ask you one or two very simple questions. You may not be able to tell me anything, but there is a chance you could help with an inquiry which is nothing whatever to do with anyone you know."

"I understand." "Now I want you to take your time over this, so we'll start with something which hasn't very much to do with it," he began mendaciously. "Mr. Campion here was telling me that you believe you

saw the woman who brought Mr. Timothy Kinnit down to the country when he was a baby, and that to the best of your belief she was in the cemetery this afternoon. Is that right?"

"You ask me straight questions and I'll give you straight answers. You want to know if Mr. Tim's Mum-mie has turned up out of the blue, don't you? Well, she hasn't," she said, reassuringly. "I told Mr. Toberman that, and Mr. Campion here was listening—as he usually is, it seems. That girl was not the mother of Timothy or anybody else when she came down to Angevin."

"It's very easy to make mistakes in a matter like this. I've been taken in time after time. Motherhood is like any other natural thing: there are hundreds of variations of condition," said Luke.

MRS. BROOME shook her head. She was sitting up very straight, her cheeks pink.

"I don't doubt that you're a very clever man, but you've never had a baby, have you? Not personally, I mean."

Luke scratched his chin, but before he could comment she continued. "Well, I have. More than that, I had just come back from hospital after losing my baby when this girl turned up with Timmy. I put her to sleep in my little room where we shared the same bed, and all day I was looking forward to talking to her about her confinement."

"Oh." A wave of comprehension passed over the Superintendent's expressive face. "She didn't give the right answers?"

"She didn't know anything at all!" Mrs. Broome's contempt and disappointment were as fresh as if she felt them still. "I spent all the night trying to get some sense out of her and I soon found out she wasn't only a liar but a very ignorant young monkey. Do you know, another woman on the bus had lent her a bottle or he would have starved by the time I was there to save him!"

"She was pretending to be the mother?"

"Not to me, she wasn't. She

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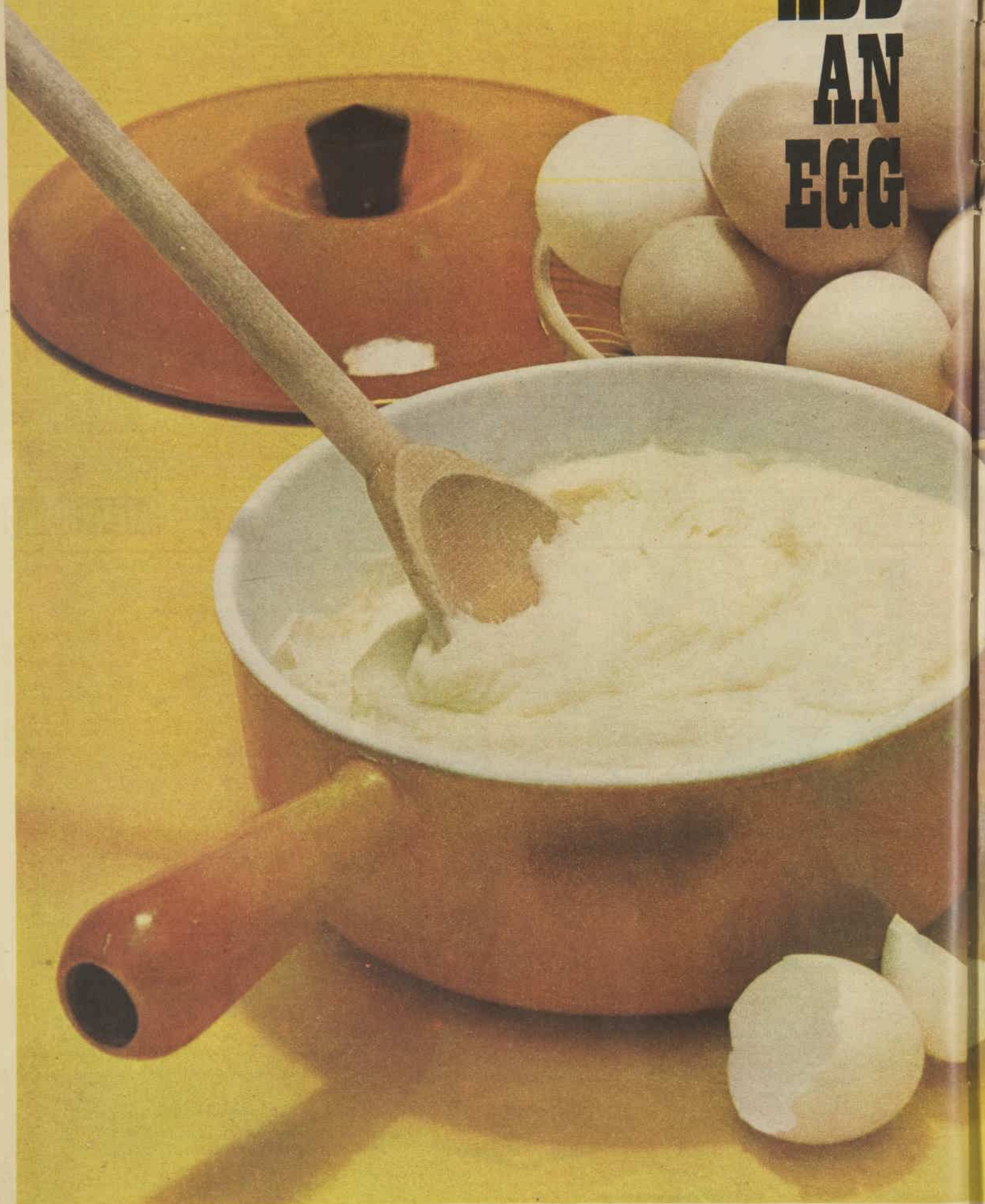
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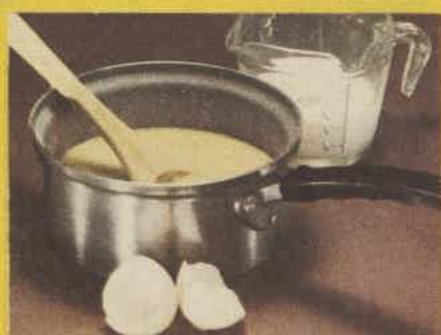
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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

from page 71

soon saw how ridiculous that was. She had had to say she was his mother to account for the pink ticket. She had to have a pink ticket to be allowed on the bus. No. That girl was simply frightened of the bombs.

"After talking to you she ran away?" He could not help anticipating the story.

"Yes, she did. I knew I'd frightened her but I never expected that. The next morning she vanished. I thought she was hiding so I didn't say anything but looked after the baby. I was so busy and so happy with him that I kept putting off mentioning that she'd gone. Then, when Mr. Eustace practically owned to him, naming him like that, I didn't bother any more. I made up my mind that she was a maid sent down to bring him to me." She paused and took a defiant breath. "If you don't believe me I can't help it. But I'm not a liar."

"No," said Luke, grinning at her. "You're not dull enough! I believe you. What about the kid's clothes? I don't suppose they were anything to write home about, but didn't you keep anything? A bootie or a bit of embroidery or anything at all?"

She shook her head. "The only thing I kept that Timmy had when he came to me was most unsuitable for a baby," she said. "It was a cotton headscarf tucked under his shawl. It was a lovely pale blue. Blue for a boy. It had little jumping, white lambs on it and writing made of daisy-chains. 'Happy and Gay,' it said. All over it. I've got it somewhere and I'll show it to you, but it wasn't special. There were hundreds of scarves like it in the chain-stores that year."

"If you're certain of that, don't bother." He shook his head regretfully and produced two small photographs of a woman, one full face, one profile, and handed them to Mrs. Broome.

"Oh, doesn't she look awful!" she said, aghast. "She's not as bad as that, not even now. What are these for — her passport?"

"You could call it that," Luke said dryly. "Is it she?"

"Oh, yes, I can see it's her. They're not as bad as that."

"Do you remember the name she gave you?"

"She didn't give me any name. If she had I should have remembered it and it would have saved a lot of trouble."

"Wasn't it on the pink ticket?"

"I had no time for tickets!"

You have no idea what it was like then.

"What did you call her?" "I'm not sure, but I think I called her 'Agnes.' She must have told me that was her name if I did. It's not a favorite of mine."

"All right, don't worry. Have you ever heard of a Mrs. Leach?"

"No."

"I understand," he said at last. "That you told Mr. Campion here that you didn't have a chat with her in the cemetery. It was a chance meeting, and although you thought you knew her you didn't place her until you were on a bus coming home. Did any word pass between you at all?"

"None. I might have said 'excuse me' as I passed her to put the wreath on the grave, but nothing more."

He nodded acceptance. "You say she was kneeling?"

"I might have been wrong. She might have been just bending, looking at the flowers."

LUKE scratched his clipped black curls. "What was she doing there at all, do you know? Was she just ghouling about among the graves, or pinching flowers, or what? I mean was this an absolutely chance meeting, do you think, or was she interested in that one particular grave?"

"Oh, of course it was our grave she was looking at!" The idea of any other explanation seemed to astound her. "I thought 'Ah, there's somebody whose head the talk!'"

Mr. Campion raised a warning hand but he was too late. Luke had heard.

"What talk?" he demanded, looking from one to the other of them with the same suspicious flicker.

"Miss Saxon fell in the kitchen just before she had her fatal heart attack." Mr. Campion made the explanation carefully. "She appears to have been listening at a door and when Timothy Kinnit pulled it open suddenly, she fell in. Basil Toberman has been making a point of the incident. He's inordinately jealous of the young man."

"Oh, the tale isn't true," said the irrepressible Mrs. Broome airily. "I was there and I saw what happened, so there's no question about that. Mr. Eustace hushed it up because she was a governess — not because of Mr. Tim."

"Hushed it up?"

"Played it down." Mr. Campion spoke with more firmness than one might have

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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1 pkt. DEB I.M.P.; 1 small flathead or bream or whiting per person OR 1 fish about 2 lb.; 2 cooking apples, peeled, cored; 2 large onions; Juice of 1 orange; Grated rind of 1 orange; 1 teasp. mixed herbs; 2 oz. melted margarine; 1 level teasp. black pepper. **Method:** Wipe inside of fish with lemon. Thinly slice apple and onion. Place in pan with orange juice, enough water to cover. Simmer until tender. Drain off liquid and keep apple mixture. Beat in orange rind and herbs. Make up Deb (directions on pack), stir in apple. Place tablesp. mixture into each fish. Spread remaining mixture in shallow greased casserole. Arrange fish on top. Brush with melted margarine, sprinkle with black pepper. Bake in barely moderate oven (320° F. Gas, 375° F. Electric) for 25-30 mins. or until tender if a larger fish. Serves 4 portions.



Potato Cheese Fritters

1 pkt. DEB I.M.P.; 2 eggs; 2 oz. grated cheese; 1 level teasp. chopped parsley; 1 level teasp. curry powder (optional); seasoning; Copha shortening or oil for frying. **Method:** Make up Deb (directions on pack). Stir in egg yolks, cheese, parsley and curry powder if desired. Season to taste. Beat egg whites until stiff, fold into potato mixture. Drop mixture in spoonfuls into the Copha or oil. Fry until golden-brown — drain on absorbent paper, then serve piping hot. Serves 4 portions.

WB104.141

supposed possible in one normally so casual.

"All right," Luke conceded, but he was still interested. "Why is he cagy about governesses?"

"Because they had one who did a murder," Mrs. Broome was enjoying herself. As soon as Luke noticed it he calmed considerably.

"A hundred and twenty years ago," murmured Mr. Campion testily. "Miss Thyrra Caleb and her Chair of Death?"

"Oh?" The Superintendent was delighted. "It's the same Kinnit family, is it? We used to have a book of famous trials in the house when I was a kid, illustrated with dreadful old woodcuts. I remember Thyrra with her white face and streaming hair. There was something funny about that story. Wasn't there a postscript?"

"I never heard of it," said Campion. "I missed the crime entirely. It was new to me when Toberman told me the other day."

"Oh, no. It's famous in its way," Luke was still searching his memory. "She committed suicide, I think." He shook his head as some of the details remained obstinately shadowy and turned a broadly smiling face to Mrs. Broome. "Well, anyway, you got it in and startled the poor copper," he said. "You're old Bean-spilling Bertha herself, aren't you?"

Nanny Broome was not amused. As usual when the joke was against her she made every effort to get her own back.

"I've got nothing to hide," she muttered, jerking up her chin. "Not like some people!"

Luke's interest was captured despite his better judgment. "Out with it," he commanded. "Who are you telling tales on now?"

"No one. I've got none to tell, but Miss Saxon had. Painting her face, dyeing her hair, listening at doors, and over sixty years old, if she was a day! What sort of governess was she?"

"Better than no one," said Luke, flatly. "You can't catch me with that sort of stuff."

"But she had a secret. She was always just about to tell it to me. She'd keep leading up to it and then being put off, or Mrs. Telfer would call her." Nanny Broome was laboring her points a little. There was a touch of desperation in her bid for drama. "She told me herself only the day before she died: 'I'm under a great strain,' she said."

MR. CAMPION took it upon himself to see that no more harm was done.

"Miss Saxon was driving the car when the accident occurred that resulted in the tragic condition of the child who has been brought over here to hospital," he said. "It has been unconscious for two years."

"Oh Lord!" Luke's sympathetic grimace was lost in Mrs. Broome's amazed reception of the news.

"Oh, so that was it! Well! No wonder she wanted to share a feeling of guilt like that and why she seemed more upset about the poor kiddie-widdie even than its own suffering mother." She paused and added brightly, "And why she dyed her hair."

"Eh?" Luke's eyes were sparkling. "Go on," he said. "I dare you."

"Because she knew she was too old to have been driving the car, of course," said Mrs. Broome, gathering her gloves and purse. "And now, if you don't need me any longer, sir, I'll be getting back. There'll be some clearing up to do, and Miss Julia is staying the night, so I want to pop a nice hot bottle in her bed. Just to comfort her."

Luke got up. "Very well, be off," he said. "Thank you for your help. I don't suppose I shall have to call on you again."

Luke laughed softly as she left. "It's a crying shame one could never risk her in the witness-box," he observed. "She's got all the answers. It must have been tremendous fun being brought up by a woman like that."

Mr. Campion put out his hand for the photographs and studied them curiously. They showed a

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bedraggled sprite of a woman with a slack mouth and huge vacant eyes, who yet managed to convey a hint of cunning. She was unusually dishevelled, he suspected, which was what had so shocked Mrs. Broome.

"What about Agnes Leach's record?"

Luke shrugged. "She's a type and she has the usual long silly history. Shoplifting, soliciting, minor fraud. Our welfare people suffer from her. They get her job after job and each time she reforms completely for a couple of weeks until something else catches her attention."

"I suppose Mrs. Broome did recognise those photographs?"

"I'd take my dying oath she did," Luke spoke with the conviction of long experience. "She recognised her in the cemetery and these confirmed it."

Mr. Campion passed them back. "What was Agnes Leach doing there—looking for an address?"

"I should think so. Looking at the flowers on the grave suggests hunting among them for florists' labels to me. Somehow or other—almost certainly from Miss Tray at the cobbler's shop—she heard that the young man who was making

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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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the awkward inquiries was due at the funeral of someone called Saxon, and that there was an advertisement about it in "The Times" newspaper. No address was given in the paper, but the place of burial was mentioned, so she went there."

He shook his dark head. "In my experience it's almost impossible to underestimate anything which Agnes and her associates are likely to know for certain. They snap up bits of unrelated information and make a tale of them. They knew the name Stalkey, hence the destruction of the flat and the fire at the office, but apparently they didn't know the name Kinnit. The chance of Agnes remembering it, if ever she heard it on her brief visit to the country, is remote. She is a simple defective. He, of course, is quite a different caper."

"Ah," said Mr. Campion, blinking behind his spectacles. "At last we come to the dark figure in the woodpile, the lighter of fires and smasher up of flats."

"Slasher of mailbags and dresses in the cinema, burner of bus seats, and at least three knife attacks on girls who ought to have known better than to be out with him." Luke spoke without venom. "He's a problem child," he added unnecessarily.

"Agnes' son?"

The Superintendent leaned back, tipping his chair, and prepared to enjoy himself. "She says not. To prove it he has a birth certificate and the marriage lines of his parents. An almost unheard-of possession in their vicinity! According to Agnes his name is Barry Cornish. Certainly his reputed father appears to have done what he could for him."

"Stap me!" murmured Mr. Campion, who permitted himself unlikely expletives when really shaken. "So that's it." He was silent for a moment, considering the ramifications of the new position. "Tell me," he said at last, "had Cornish any idea of the true story himself?"

"None at all. He accepted Barry meekly. It was only this morning that Miss Aicheson woke him to tell him a tale about Timothy's arrival at Angevin, which was quite obviously the other half of one he had already heard from Agnes' friends about the other boy. Agnes never invents more than she needs, you see. That's the most dangerous thing about her."

"Yes. It would be. How did Cornish take the discovery that he had been swindled, virtually blackmailed, all these years by some wretched woman who'd pinched his son's papers?"

"He didn't take it," said Luke slowly. "He's an honest chap and he realised that Barry was probably behind the violence, so he came to me acting on a moral compulsion. I've got the impression that he's tickled to death with Timothy, who seems to be very like him, but do you know I don't believe he'll ever attempt to own him to disown the other? He can't bring himself to believe that there isn't something sacred about a certificate!"

FROM THE BIBLE

"Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?"

—Isaiah 40.28.

"Let me get this absolutely straight for the sake of the record." Mr. Campion was diffident as usual. "Your suggestion is that Agnes Leach left Timothy with Mrs. Broome but retained his papers?"

"Only by accident."

"Oh, I see. She left the mother's possessions in a station cloakroom?"

"Better. She parked the whole suitcase on an honest landlady who kept them until Agnes turned up again four years later. By that time Agnes had become baby-prone herself — after her chat with Mrs. Broome, perhaps! — and had achieved Barry who was then about three years old. I imagine she dressed him up in anything she could find in the other woman's bag, and thought the certificate might fit him, since nothing else did, if she called him four instead of three. He was backward, wasn't he? So he could pass for a bit worse. It wouldn't worry Agnes." His eyes began to dance. "Anyway, I'll bet it was the dear good nurse who looked up the father for her in all innocence once she produced the marriage certificate and told the story of rescuing the baby from the bombs. Agnes has that kind of history."

MR. CAMPION said. "I believe all this," he said sadly. "What about Agnes and Barry now? Have they been pulled in?"

Luke glanced at his watch. "I dropped the word to Monday, the D.D.I. at Ebbfield, who has probably got the boy by this time. His last known address was somewhere in Wandsworth. Sometimes it takes a few hours to locate a chap like that, but there's never any difficulty in picking him up in the end."

"I suppose not. You have some fingerprints from the arson business, haven't you?"

"Nothing very good. They were being treated in the lab when I left. I wanted to get an identification of Agnes from Mrs. Broome off the record. I didn't know she would be so convincing. She might have had to meet Agnes again before she could be sure."

"As it is, everything is plain sailing. You ought to be able to convince little Miss Julia's papa there's nothing worse than obstinate self-sacrifice in the lad's family, and the poor old Councillor can choose his own bed of

nails. Aren't you satisfied?" "No," Campion was frowning. "The thing that's worrying me, Charles, is why didn't she follow her?"

"Why didn't Agnes follow Nanny Broome?"

"Exactly. The only explanation must be that she had already found the address of the Well House and the name Kinnit, presumably on one of the wreaths. She must also have recognised Mrs. Broome. That meeting took place somewhere around early afternoon, leaving plenty of time for Agnes to telephone the news to anyone anywhere. She could have spoken to the cobbler's shop, for instance."

Luke was listening doubtfully. "She might," he said. "Barry has any intelligence there is between them. He's got a sharp mind in a warped sort of way. You feel he might attack the house because of Timothy?"

"No," Mr. Campion was gently obstinate. "I think he might be bright enough to see how many beams make five. Surely the only person on earth who can testify that Timothy was the baby left at Angevin by Agnes Leach at the outbreak of war is Nanny Broome?"

Luke sat up! "Cor-blimey!" he said. "And we've sent her home alone. Let me get on the telephone."

Once he was seated at the

kitchen table with Alison and Miss Aicheson facing him, Mrs. Telpher on his left and Eustace on his right, Tim and Julia in the background draped round the basket chair, Basil Toberman passed into a stage of ponderous arrogance. The Kinnit family were bearing with him in their own peculiar way and sat smiling at him with tolerant superiority, but the rest of the company was suffering.

"The bronze is unquestionably genuine," he announced, adding unnecessarily, "I have said it."

"So we hear," Miss Aicheson said. "Don't you think, perhaps, all this could wait?"

"Silence!" Basil had apparently decided to treat them as a public meeting. "I have just been half across Europe and have flown through the sky with one of the greatest experts the world has ever known. I speak of Leofric Paulfrey, of the Museum."

"Professor Paulfrey!" Eustace was delighted; his face lit up with pleasure. "Oh, splendid. Now that's an opinion which is really worth having. Does he say it's fourth century?"

"I say it's absolutely genuine," Toberman was frowning with the effort of articulation. "It is a fellow to the Boy Jockey of the Artimisan wreck; in better condition. I am prepared to

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"Are you, though?" It was Eustace who spoke, but both Alison and Geraldine Telfer looked up with exactly the same twinkling smile of good-tempered derision.

"Laugh. Go on, laugh!" Toberman's thick hand shot out in a gesture which would have been a little oversize in a Pagliaccio. "Laugh your heads off. You can do it today, but it'll be for the last time, because I've heard the truth about you and I never keep my mouth shut, do I?"

"My dear fellow, if you've only got the truth about the Bronze it'll be enough for one evening!" Eustace turned the attack gracefully and shot an apologetic glance toward Julia. It was most discreetly done, but Toberman was in the state of over-awareness typical of certain toxic conditions, and he pounced upon the girl, noticing her presence for the first time, apparently.

"This is fitting," he declared with thick theatricality. "This is Rich. This is Justice. Bride of the Wonder Boy Meets Family Skeleton."

"I should hardly call yourself that, Toby." Tim was juggling with the situation. "What about a bit of beautiful shut-eye? Shall we go up to bed?"

"No. Certainly and absolutely not. I am not as canned as that." Toberman began to laugh a little himself. "I've got something to tell you, Timothy, and when I do you're going to know I'm right just as I knew Paulfrey was right when he told me. The man was afraid of flying, Timothy. I saw it. I saw it in his eyes and because I was queasy myself, as I always am in the air, I suggested we behave like

reasonable men and drink ourselves out of it, and that's how he came to tell me. Otherwise, I don't suppose he'd have brought himself to talk to me at all. The man was afraid. I saw it. To save his face he had to babble out something, and because my name reminded him of the Kinnits he babbled out this glorious story."

"Which was that the Bronze was genuine," said Mrs. Telfer briskly.

TOBERMAN regarded her with overdrawn contempt. "You're a Kinnit and that's typical. That's the first, last, and only thing you'd think of. Don't worry, Geraldine, you won't be left out. Professor Paulfrey was very interested to hear that you were staying with your relatives. He knew your late husband by repute, he said, and he knows the Van der Graffs very well indeed. He's been staying with them. But it was your governess he was interested in, and so was I when he told me." He lurched round to peer at Timothy. "Do you know what was the really interesting thing about the original Kinnit governess?"

"Basil, you're becoming an abominable bore!" There was an unfamiliar edge to Eustace's voice which jarred warningly on every ear in the room except, apparently, Toberman's own.

"Don't you believe it, you silly old Kinnit," he declared. "Pay attention, my little man. I have news for you. The family secret is out. Miss Thyrsa is vindicated. She

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wasn't guilty, Timothy. She didn't kill the boy-friend. It was her pupil, the thwarted fifteen-year-old Miss Haidee Kinnit whose immature advances, he'd rejected, who prepared the trap for him. She did the murder and planted the blame, with sweet Kinnity cunning, squarely upon her more successful rival, the unimportant and defenceless governess. Moreover, there is a very strong supposition that the family knew."

Evidently the ancient tale was taken very seriously by the present-day Kinnits. Eustace was shaking with anger, every trace of his normal urbanity gone. Alison was on the verge of tears, and for once even Geraldine Telfer seemed startled out of her natural calm.

Toberman was enjoying himself.

"Now I can understand why old Terence Kinnit made such a business of hushing up the crime. Why he bought the Staffordshire moulds and moved house and all the rest of it," he said happily. "If

his daughter was the murderer the whole thing hangs together and holds water. They'd driven the poor governess to suicide, you see, between them. I don't suppose that worried them. They'd done her a service by taking her in without references, hadn't they? So it was her duty to repay them with her life if necessary. That would be their attitude."

"Will you hold your tongue, sir?" Eustace when angry was quietly formidable, and some of it got through. Toberman began to complain.

"I don't see why you should victimise me," he grumbled. "It all came out in a book: Paulfrey told me so. At the turn of the century a book was published which blew the whole gaff. He told me its name. I've forgotten it, but it'll come back. 'Ten Trials of Yester Year,' I think he said. Something corny like that. You'd know, Eustace."

"Toberman, you're drunk! Oblige me by going to bed immediately."

"Don't you dare to talk to me like that, old man. Your great grandfather did mine a favor, but you haven't bought us body and soul!"

"What utter nonsense. You must be out of your mind. Pull yourself together."

"I am perfectly sober and I am talking to Timothy. Professor Paulfrey told me that this book which he remembered well was written by a person who had known Miss Haidee when she was an old woman. When she died she left him a letter confessing the whole thing. He didn't do anything about it, but put it in a book when he was pretty ancient himself. He

was a damn dull writer, and nobody was very interested in Miss Thyrsa at that time, but somebody bought up most of the copies of the only edition. I wonder who that was—your father, Eustace?"

"That will do!" "Anyway, no one appears to have read the book but a few kids, one of whom was Paulfrey, and the publication passed without comment in the Press."

Basil leant back in his chair and began to laugh.

"There's no question that it's true, is there?" he jeered, addressing Miss Aicheson and the two young people. "Look at them all. Kinnits we have loved. We're all in the same boat, you and me. We're all lame ducks taken in and enslaved by Kinnits because we were cheap. And we all hang about ready to take the buck when it's passed to us."

Miss Aicheson put a large hand over Alison's slender wrist. "I shall go up now, dear," she murmured. "I can't stand much more of this."

At the same moment Eustace turned to Tim. The old man was very white and there was a helplessness about him which was embarrassing. "It's not true," he said, but without conviction.

"Of course it isn't!" Tim's response, which was furious, swept the accusation into perspective. "It's half true, like all Basil's lies. He's a silly inferior ass and he's tight as a tick. Come on, Basil. Come to bed, you ape. No more damn nonsense. Up you get. Come along."

He strode across the room and picked up Toberman in a fireman's lift. The great

strength of his body emerged as an unexpected deliverer, and Toberman made no attempt to resist. They caught a glimpse of his puffy face and round stupid eyes, solemn, and owlish with his head hanging upside down, as he was borne away through the doorway.

The abrupt departure left a tingling silence behind it. Miss Aicheson settled down again, but did not release Alison's arm. "I shall wait for a moment or two until he's got him settled," she murmured.

"Very sensible, Aich." Eustace smiled at her vaguely, and taking out his handkerchief passed it over his forehead.

"What a silly fellow," he said. "How tiring. An asinine line to take." He glanced toward his sister, who was looking down at her plate, her delicate face pale and expressionless. Opposite him Geraldine Telfer was in much the same mood. She had withdrawn into herself and appeared preoccupied. The light was unkind to her. Beyond her he suddenly saw Julia sitting quietly.

"My dear child," he said. "I'd quite forgotten you were here. I'm so sorry you should have had to listen to all this unpleasant nonsense. Tim will be down in a moment and he shall take you home."

Julia was young enough to blush scarlet. "I'm staying, I think."

"Really?" Eustace was the last person to be impolite, but he was irritated and surprised. "Alison? I thought we promised—I mean I thought that there was an understanding with Julia's father that the youngsters shouldn't meet just now?"

"Don't fuss, Eustace." Alison turned to Julia. "Do

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When he came close the light in his eyes just faded.



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Continuing . . . THE CHINA GOVERNESS

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you know where your room is?" "No, I'm afraid I don't," Julia was uncomfortable, and the situation was saved by the unexpected appearance of Nanny Broome, pink and pleased with herself and still wrapped in her purple coat.

"I just got in the door when the phone went," she announced, addressing them collectively. "It was my nice policeman asking if I'd get home safely! Well, now, have you all had some nice supper? Where's Mr. Timmy?"

Eustace scowled at her. "Miss Alison tells me that Miss Laurell is proposing to stay here tonight . . ." he was beginning when Mrs. Broome sailed into the rescue.

"Miss Julia's been asked to stay

here—sir," she said firmly. "Her father's away and it's a big house right across London, so Miss Alison and I put our heads together — didn't we, madam?" The interpolation was a warning. "And we decided the best thing for her to do was to have the little room beyond Miss Aicheson's."

"But I thought we'd promised Anthony Laurell—"

"I'm sure I don't know about that," Mrs. Broome interrupted him shamelessly. "All I know is that if Sir Anthony is a proper father, as I'm sure he is or he wouldn't be fussing so, he couldn't care for his daughter to go home

through a neighborhood like this at night. I'm an old woman and I'm nothing to look at, but even I had quite a little run for it outside here tonight. There are a lot of dark shadows and people coming out of dark corners where there aren't any lamp-posts and pushing against one and whispering things."

"What things? You silly woman, what are you talking about?" Eustace was testy and exasperated.

"You do talk a lot of rubbish!"

"Ah, but I make you all very comfortable. There's a nip in the air tonight. What about a nice hot toddy?"

"No. We've had quite enough alcohol in this room this evening."

"Really? I thought I smelled it. Mister Basil, I suppose?" She was

uncovering the situation with the speed of light. "Mr. Tim is putting him to bed, no doubt? It's very bad for him, all this drinking. Well, we'll all have some nice malted milk. Would you like that, madam?" She addressed Alison, who shook her head without speaking, but Geraldine Telfer looked up.

"I would like a scotch and soda," she said. "May I get myself one out of the dining-room as I go up, Eustace?"

"My dear girl, I'll come and see to it, I'm so sorry."

"I'm sure I can manage," Mrs. Telfer said with her faintly commiserating smile. "Goodnight, everybody."

"Goodnight, Geraldine." Eustace waited until the door had closed and the murmured blessings ended before he turned on Mrs. Broome.

"Take Miss Laurell up to her room, please. We'll make your

excuses to Tim when he comes down, Julia. He may be rather a long time. It's sometimes very hard to get Basil to settle. He's one of those excitable alcoholics. He just won't lie down and go to sleep. Such a bore and so tiring. I'm so sorry this should have happened, my dear."

It was the most ruthless dismissal a guest could have received.

Nanny Broome slipped an arm round Julia's waist and drew her firmly and swiftly out of the doorway so that she was still saying "good night" as the wood closed behind them.

"Mr. Basil always gets them in a state when he does this," Mrs. Broome made the confidence as they walked up the broad stairs together to the hall. "He's so rude and open and that's the thing they can't put up with. They're very civilised sort of people, very covered up."

It was not the easiest statement on which to comment and Julia did not try.

N

ANNY BROOME paused at the foot of the main flight to look at her in astonishment. "Poor Mr. Tim hasn't had a chance to see you at all. What with Mrs. Telfer and the ladies he can't have had you to himself for a second, poor boy."

Julia laughed. "What had you in mind?" she inquired.

"Eh? Oh, don't you worry about the oldsters," Mrs. Broome clearly considered herself an evergreen. "We all have to jolly them along, because when they get excited they get tired, and when they get tired they feel poorly, and that makes them cross. So I tell you what we'll do." She broke off abruptly and stood aside to permit Mrs. Telfer, who had emerged from the dining-room, to pass them. She was carrying a glass and smiled at them before she went her placid way up the stairs.

"I shall get you some milk," said Nanny Broome loudly to her protégée, adding more softly, "You sip it in your room and brush your hair, and then when they've all gone to bed, which won't be very long, you and Mr. Tim can have half an hour in the kitchen in the warm."

"If you think it's all right," Julia was beginning, but Mrs. Broome was not listening to her. She was looking up the staircase, a thoughtful expression upon her face.

"That was a very dark whisky, wasn't it?" she said. "Did you see it? I suppose it couldn't have been neat? It was over half a tumblerful. I wonder now!" She shook her head and answered her own question. "No, I don't think so. I should have said she's too much one of them to do anything like that. Perhaps she doesn't pour it out herself as a rule and has just overdone it. Yet, of course, you never can tell. Well, come along, Miss. I'll lead the way, shall I?"

For the first time she turned her back on the guest and put out her hand to take the baluster rail. The folds of the good purple coat rearranged themselves and the girl stared at them and put out her hand to touch.

"You've torn your coat." "I can't have done; it's perfectly new. Where is it?" She turned her head to look over her shoulder and swept her skirts round her, craning her neck to find the damage.

"It's not like that," Julia sounded frightened. "Look. Take it off."

She lifted the soft woollen garment off Mrs. Broome's shoulders and swung it round to face her. The featherweight velour which looked brown in the subdued artificial light had been scored like the crackling on a joint of roast pork. Five two-inch wide slashes had been made from between the shoulderblades to the hips, and the cloth hung like ribbons, showing the silk lining beneath.

Nanny Broome stared at the damage and for once in her life words deserted her. Her face, which was never in repose in the ordinary way, was frozen into a weatherbeaten mask on which her discreet powdering stood out distinctly. The silence in the house was noticeable and the warm family atmosphere had chilled.

To be concluded

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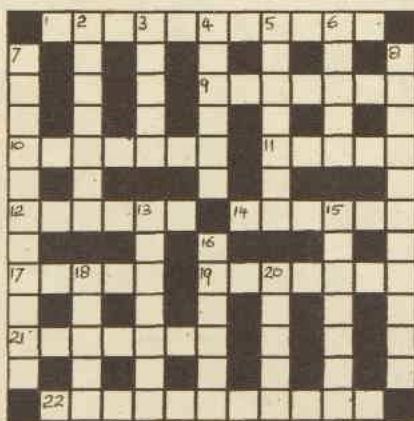
THREE creatures from space on a trade mission have no luck finding which is the master race on earth. They take the form of birds in an attempt to sell their "suchi crystals." Mandrake follows them. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- They are smaller than their partners, but they march with the times (6, 5).
- Take out the inner parts with a bow in the centre (7).
- Follower of Wyclif with plenty of hog-fat (7).
- This Frenchman was killed in his bath (5).
- Husband of Titania (6).
- Bring about in an Italian dictator (6).
- An admiral of Turkey gets on high (5).
- Furnish again (2-5).
- A net leg, if in order, can be graceful (7).
- Fit to be hit on the head (4, 2, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Devil starts a sudden tendency to action (7).
- It grows at the back of the soft palate (5).
- Corrects with men inside (6).
- White of egg is mostly a blank book (7).
- House for a mother-in-law (5).
- After a disturbed meal I made a speech improved (11).
- Fasteners on the line (7-4).
- Loud ant (anagr., 7).
- Far from common and the sun turns in it (7).
- A grist for nothing (6).
- A rope on the stage (5).
- Shrubby plant of the heath family (5).

NOTION YOUR LIFE
O L A S O H X
R E T O R T S U N A D
W E L G I T R O
A M E R I C A N B I R
Y L N S E T
A B L E T Z E N D S
B O S E R O
E A R L P A R A M O U R
O U R D R A
A U N T S A T R E I S T
U I E T I O E
B L A N D I S H M E N T

Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 3, 1963

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 144/5 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7827.—Svelte evening gown with slim skirt and stole or side panels. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: A (slim skirt), 3½yds. 36in. material; stole, 3½yds. 36in. material. B (with side panels), 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 6/6.



F7532.—Smartly styled frock has matching jacket with "u-shaped" trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F7807.—Easy-fitting saddle-stitched dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F7077.—One pattern includes tapered slacks and tailored blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires slacks, 1½yds. 54in. or 2½yds. 36in. material; blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F7828.—Slim-fitting pinafore in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. or 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.



F5689.—Lace-trimmed three-quarter sleeve blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 5½yds. 54in. lace. Price 3/-.



F7829.—Bow-tied blouse has short or cuffed three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Three-quarter sleeves (A), 2½yds. 36in. material; short sleeves (B), 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 786.—PINAFORE. Easy-to-make pinafore dress is finished with side-tie bows. Available cut out to make in wool and mohair mixture, in colors of deep lilac, forest-green, or black. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust. 84/6. 36 and 38in. bust. 66/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

No. 787.—APRON. Pretty waist apron is cut out to make in check cotton gingham in colors of red, lemon, blue, or green, all with white checks and white cotton scallops. Rick-rack braid is supplied. Price 10/6, plus 1/6 postage.

No. 788.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN. Nightgown for baby is cut out to make in white flannelette; lace trim is supplied. Size, infants only. Price 19/11, plus 1/6 postage.



Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



1.

BRUSH OUTER SIDES OF ALL YOUR TEETH

Hold the brush with the sides of the bristles pressed against the gums. Teeth should be brushed (in a circular action) in the direction they grow — down on the upper teeth, up on the lower teeth. Brushing correctly — with Nyal Fluoride — can really cut down on the number of cavities.



2.

BRUSH INSIDE YOUR BACK TEETH

Use the same brushing action as for the outside. Brush from the gums. You will find this awkward at first, but with practice it becomes easy.

How to Brush your Teeth...

Correct Brushing Helps to Keep Teeth and Gums Healthy



3.

BRUSH BEHIND YOUR FRONT TEETH

Holding the brush vertically, pull it upwards over the gums and backs of your lower front teeth. For the upper front teeth, pull the brush downwards and forwards over the palate and the backs of the teeth.



4.

BRUSH THE CHEWING SURFACES OF YOUR BACK TEETH

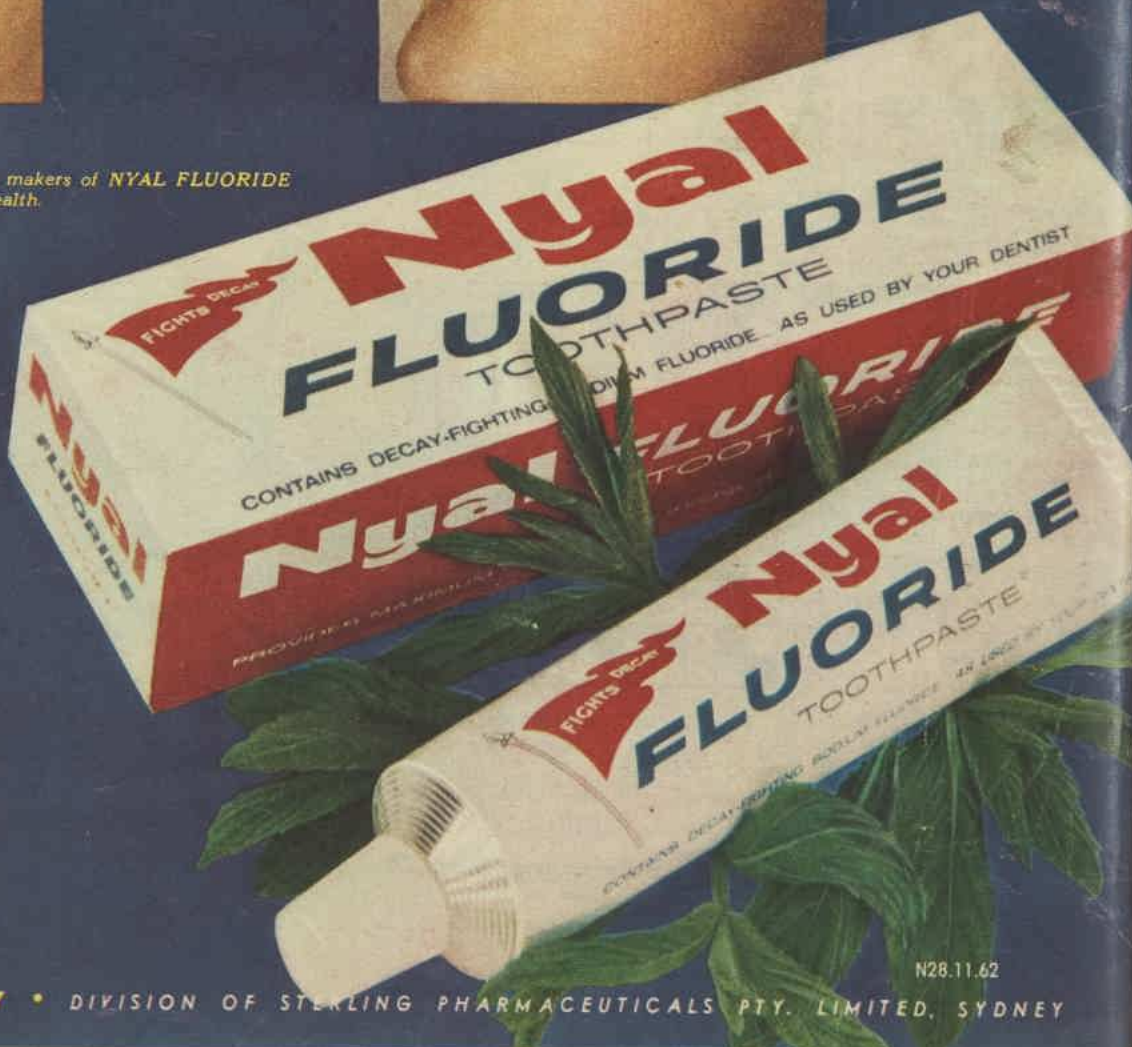
Brush these surfaces with a backwards and forwards action. Two golden rules for dental health: (1) Brush after every meal or snack. (2) Have a regular check-up with your dentist every six months.

This advertisement is inserted by the makers of NYAL FLUORIDE Toothpaste in the interests of dental health.

NYAL—the pleasant-tasting FLUORIDE with the refreshing mint flavour! Your dentist will tell you that NYAL FLUORIDE hardens and strengthens tooth enamel—provides an effective anti-decay barrier.

Four sizes:

2/9, 3/10, 4/10, 5/10



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